



No. 173.—VOL. XIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS JENNIE LEE AS JO, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS JENNIE LEE AS JO.

The house was redolent of flowers, tributes of affection and regard which many friends had sent Jennie Lee the previous evening, on her reappearance in town at Drury Lane after an absence of nearly ten years.

"I should think, after having played Little Jo so many thousands of times, you are apt to forget sometimes whether you are a boy or a girl?" a representative of *The Sketch* said to her jokingly.



JENNIE LEE.

"Scarcely that," she replied archly. "I trust I shall never lose the best instincts a woman should have, and I hope I am not spoilt at all by the great success I had in Australia—I think it would have turned many people's heads. What I specially prized was the kind attention paid me wherever I went by the different Governors and their wives, which is the more remarkable because there is still a certain amount of prejudice entertained against the profession, even in the Colonies. I felt very pleased and proud last night, when the late Governor of Melbourne called

on me in my dressing-room; it was so encouraging, while I felt I had not left Australia, after all, so far away."

"You are fond of Australia, then?"

"I simply love it. There is no country in the world like it. Where can you find such magnificent cities, such a delightful climate, such a land full of flowers and so beautiful in its scenery? Where can you find a finer race, prettier—yes, and better-dressed—women? And, from the professional point, I have never played to better or more appreciative audiences. My Jo has never gone better than in Australia. And Australia produces splendid comedians. Eight out of my company which I took to the Cape were Colonials. And everyone dances so well. It is so much the fashion in all the schools to teach every kind of dance—gavottes, minuets, and all the old-fashioned figures and dances. Yes, when one goes out there one seems to begin to live—you seem always to see the sun, really and metaphorically, for you seem to have left all sorrow behind. I am sure there is a great future coming for Victoria particularly. Yes, I know money is rather scarce in that part just now; the people have lived too fast, but Victoria is full of gold. Why, it actually lies on the surface in many places."

"And you're a lucky woman, I expect?"

"Yes, I'm a sort of Mascotte, I'm told. I have never been ship wrecked or had a railway accident—no adventures at all, except losing my train; and I am fortunate in my weather. So lucky have I been that I fear trusting myself on a bicycle in case that experience may prove the inevitable exception which is supposed to attend all rules."

"I suppose you come of a dramatic family?"

"Not at all. Most of my people were artistic. My father was the rather well-known painter, Edwin George Lee. Well, I started as a page, with two lines to say, at the Lyceum, in the year '70, when I was ten. And I quickly made a name, for my next engagement was as the Crossing-Sweeper in 'Le Petit Faust,' and three months after my first appearance I was leading burlesque boy at the Strand. Then I went to America with Sothern's company."

"But tell me particularly about Little Jo?"

"Well, I played it first as a mere sketch, and it caught on so well that Dion Boucicault persuaded my husband—yes, I was married actually eighteen years ago—to dramatise the whole story of 'Bleak House.' He did, but we could not get any manager to touch it, so we brought it out ourselves at the Prince of Wales's, in Liverpool, and opened at the Globe on Feb. 22, 1876—please note the year, because one of your leading critics, I see in the papers, has made a mistake in the date. There we played for six months, and would have continued much longer had Ada Cavendish and the late Arthur Cecil being willing to forego their claim to the theatre. We even offered them £2000 to do so. Then we took it to the Aquarium Theatre, and afterwards to Australia, South Africa, and India, and, I dare say, we shall take it on another tour half round the world, and then, I hope, we settle down for good in dear Australia."

"You could fill a book with your life?"

"I could, and I am writing one. No, not of my reminiscences; I'm not so conceited as to think they would interest people; but more about other persons, and the places I've visited. I have got a capital title."



JO AND GUSTER (MISS KATE LEE).

THE HOUSE OF SNAGSBY, LAW STATIONER.

It is curious that the return of "Jo" to town should occur at a time when a rumour (happily, false) has gone forth that the house in which Snagsby lived in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, was to be demolished. Those who have not forgotten their "Bleak House" will remember that "Cook's Court," as Dickens called it, is one of the centres of interest in the tale. Chadband, Tulkinghorn, Esther, Lady Dedlock, all of them visit the abode of Snagsby the law stationer. Of Snagsby, Dickens says: "On the eastern border of Chancery Lane—that is to say, more particularly, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street—Mr. Snagsby, Law Stationer, pursues his lawful calling. In the shade of Cook's Court, at most times a shady place, Mr. Snagsby has dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process . . . ever since he was out of his time and went into partnership with Peffer."

Peffer had been dead a long while, and "if he ever," continues Dickens, "steal forth to air himself again in Cook's Court, until admonished to return by the crowing of the sanguine cock in the cellar at the little dairy in Cursitor Street, whose ideas of daylight it would be curious to ascertain, since he knows, from his personal observation, next to nothing



TOOK'S COURT.

about it—if Peffer ever do revisit the pale glimpses of Cook's Court, he comes invisibly, and no one is the worse or wiser." Snagsby himself was a "mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head, and scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. He tends to meekness and obesity. As he stands at his door in Cook's Court, in his grey shop-coat and calico sleeves, looking up at the clouds, he is emphatically a retiring and unassuming man."

Took's Court is bottle-shaped. It is sufficiently narrow at the entrance to hide its interesting contents from the eyes of all but the very curious. Where the court widens there commences a row of antique houses, which possess such distinct architectural features as to arrest attention at once. If a curious one move further on, it will be found that the court turns sharply to the right, and empties itself, as it were, through an archway into Furnival Street, the whole forming an architectural right angle. Pausing at once before the first of the old houses, a *Sketch* representative had an intuitive feeling that this was the house of Snagsby, late Peffer and Snagsby, and this feeling was disturbed by no clashing facts. The name of Sprules was on the dim wire blinds. The passage was wainscotted. Entering the office of Sprules, the walls of which lesser sanctuary of the law were all smoke-toned to a beautiful drab, the old-fashioned staircase was shown by Mr. Sprules, and permission to make sketches was graciously given. The kitchen staircase, up and down which the suspicious Mrs. Snagsby used to flit to such an extent as to gain a ghastly reputation for the house, was interesting, but hardly so much as the large room over the office, where the oily Chadband attacked the huge pile of buttered muffins in the intervals of a discourse upon Terewth. The whole little drawing-room rose before the eyes. In the mind one could see it as Guster, the maid with fits, saw it, "with its hair in papers, and its pinafore on." It was always kept so, but Guster regarded it as the most elegant apartment in Christendom. The room now contains a huge four-poster of antique form, but the general decoration of the room, from the wall-paper to the ornaments on the mantelpiece, just suits the Snagsby period.

Mr. Sprules, the present Snagsby, has lived in Took's Court for over forty years, and was there before Dickens began to write of its curious tenants. Those who desire further information can obtain it from Mr. Sprules, "law stationer, deeds engrossed and copied, law writing executed in all its branches, &c., &c., &c.," and, if they are fortunate enough, they can hear the sanguine cock, or one of his successors, still crowing from his dark retreat.

THE NEW "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Frankly, I do not pretend to be in favour of such a mixture of the sexes as is involved in the appearance of a girl as Romeo, and some while ago, when a collection of ladies played "As You Like It," I ventured to assert vigorously that it was not as I liked it. Yet, in the sublime love-duet, where, for once, spoken speech asserts its music successfully against song, in the play where most men find expressed the passion-thoughts that never came to flower in their own grey lives, there is so exquisite an invasion of the land of pure romance that one forgets that Romeo, after all, was a very healthy young man, in whom there was not the least touch of the girl. Fortunately, Miss Esmé Beringer, though girlish enough when she plays—and always with success—in petticoats, manages to bear herself, in man's attire, in manly, if not in manlike, style, and I doubt whether anybody who did not know would guess it is the case of a handsome girl appearing as a beautiful boy. The voice, no doubt, is puzzling, for in the rich contralto one finds the echo of Gautier's stanza—

C'est Roméo, c'est Juliette,
Chantant avec un seul gosier :
Le pigeon rauque et la fauvette
Perchés sur le même rosier.

The Juliet revives discussion of the famous commonplace of the theatre, that no actress is ever able to play the part until too old to look "fourteen next Lammastide." I would not swear that Little Lord Fauntleroy may not seem a year or even two older; but, at any rate, she has the air of a mere school-girl, and such a lovely school-girl, with the gorgeous Venetian hair that shames her sun-gold dress, flames against her white robe, and is the note of passion in her misty red and hesitating green costume!

The result of the curious performance is the proof that in Miss Esmé Beringer we have an actress who may well essay the highest tasks. Without any qualification, one may declare her Romeo to be one of the most charming and one of the ablest seen of late years on our stage. Indeed, one quite forgot the question of sex, and admired without limitation a brilliant performance of a most exacting part. Miss Vera Beringer showed real ability in the part of Juliet, but, unlike her sister, has not yet the technical skill to take full advantage of her gifts. Many passages she played exceedingly well, and throughout she displayed great intelligence; but her work was seriously marred by her restlessness and excess of gesture, which probably, in part, were due to



MISSES VERA AND ESMÉ BERINGER AS JULIET AND ROMEO.

natural nervousness, and will wear off when she has had fair experience. The company was good throughout, the excellence of Mr. W. H. Vernon as Mercutio, of Mrs. E. H. Brooke, the Nurse, and Messrs. Arthur Stirling, Oswald Yorke, and Volpe being noticeable.

THE ROYAL OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera Season opened last Monday week at Covent Garden with a brilliant performance of "Roméo et Juliette." It is odd to think how surely, if slowly, this opera has grown in popular favour. The cautious prophet may even permit himself to predict that the time will come when the popularity of "Faust" shall have paled before the advances of



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER AS ROMEO.

"Roméo." Gounod himself preferred this later child of his genius, and none can deny that his preference was reasonable. M. Jean de Reszke took the part of Roméo, and with enormous success. He is the ideal perfumed youth of the earlier acts, and in the tragedy of the later acts he attunes his voice to perfect appropriateness. It is not maintained that he is a good actor; but he is a good operatic actor, and that should suffice. Madame Eames, who has made amazing progress, was an excellent Juliette, singing with both sweetness and power. The remaining parts were well sustained by Miss Jessie Hudleston, MM. Plançon, Castelmarty, Albers, J. Bars, and others. Signor Mancinelli conducted admirably, and the house was filled by a brilliant and distinguished assembly.

On Tuesday there were good performances of "Cavalleria" and "Hänsel and Gretel." In the years since Signor Lago brought "Cavalleria" to England, this opera has not lost its popularity, save by one sign—audiences no longer regard it as a religious and binding law to clamour for the encore of the "Intermezzo." The piano-organs have secured us that advantage. Miss Macintyre's Santuzza was passionate and impressive; and Signor de Lucia was so tremendously in earnest that he stepped once or twice beyond the reaches of the sublime into—shall it be called?—the paths of light comedy. Signor Ancona's Alfio was adequate, if a little ungraceful at times; and Beignani conducted a willing and ready orchestra. The performance of "Hänsel," conducted by Mancinelli, with Miss Jessie Hudleston as Gretel, Miss Elba as Hänsel, Miss Tree as the mother, and Mr. Bispham as Peter, was probably the finest ever heard in this country. Where all were charming, Mr. Bispham was wonderful, for he gave his part an entirely new interpretation, which everybody felt to be exactly and precisely correct.

It is twenty-five years since Mario sang for the last time in "La Favorita," when, as Mr. Kuhe records, "the whole house literally rose at him, irresistibly moved." Well, twenty-five years makes a good deal of difference with an opera like "La Favorita," and the house did not rise as one man to Signor Cremonini's Fernando on the Wednesday night. Still, the experiment was an interesting one, and Signor Cremonini has a sympathetic personality; Madame Mantelli's Leonora was sincere, Signor Ancona's Alfonso had dignity, and he sang with much distinction.

"Philémon et Baucis" and "Pagliacci" made Thursday night's programme. Miss Engle was delightful in Gounod's gay opera; and MM. Bonnard, Castelmarty, and Gillibert helped to make a success. In "Pagliacci," De Lucia was great in the part of Canio, and a new-comer, Miss Marguerite Reid, was not very conspicuous as Nedda.

"ROSEMARY," AT THE CRITERION.

An old, old gentleman was sitting in an old room on the evening of Jubilee Day. It was Sir Jasper Thorndyke carrying out a custom of fifty years to dine in that room on the anniversary of Coronation Day. A neat, well-dressed, and well-groomed old gentleman he was, and very far from his dotage; but, though his brain was active, his memory played him tricks, was active one moment, dormant the next, and for a long time all the circumstances of place and date failed to call to his recollection the reason why he dined at Mrs. Minifie's old coffee-house on the 28th of each June, or why the first-floor room had remained for half-a-century without a touch of paint, change of furniture or paper, or even friendly care of carpenter and plasterer.

The old gentleman was gleeful; he had buried all his cronies, but his memory was too dimmed for sorrow at his loss, and he felt very well and young—there was still some of "the joy of life" in his veins. Mechanically, as in former days, he took from his pocket a faded yellow letter and read it—a letter speaking of "William" very often, of the writer's child, her happiness, her prosperity, of Sir Jasper's kindness, and incidentally asking whether the old gentleman remembered the dog-roses. It was signed "Dolly." He was sorely perplexed. Who was the "Dolly" that set her name in inverted commas, and what was the reference to the dog-roses? He made vain efforts to coerce his memory. At last, growing vexed, he decided to dine, but dinner was not yet served. He tried to ring the bell, his tug brought down a panel, and in the litter on the floor he saw a piece of paper. What was it? He picked it up, and with difficulty read the parts unobliterated by time. It was a page from the diary of a girl—a girl artless in language, poor in vocabulary. Of a sudden, memory, "delivered upon the mellowing of occasion," came back, and Sir Jasper became young again in thought.

Sixty years ago, and at the age of thirty, he was engaged to a girl whom he loved, but death, his jealous rival, carried her off. Then years of bachelorhood, at first melancholy with memory, afterwards lively through forgetfulness, went by. Then, at the age of forty, came another love affair. A boy and girl were eloping in a post-chaise—he, William Westwood, ensign in the John Company, with £800 a-year; she, Dolly Cruickshank, daughter of Captain Cruickshank, who was with Nelson. Their carriage broke down at Sir Jasper's door; he, finding them, gave them his hospitality. Captain Cruickshank and his wife were in pursuit; Sir Jasper discovering them in distress, made his house their home for the night, not knowing till too late that they were Dolly's parents.

In the morning, Sir Jasper, after a little chat with Dolly, finds that his long-sleeping heart is awake again, and the girl, in the reckless mischief of youth, flirts gaily with the admirer whom she deems too old to count. However, Sir Jasper has lavish ideas of hospitality, and, instead of playing for his own hand and her heart, induces Captain Cruickshank to forgive the lovers their incomplete elopement and consent to their marriage; then he orders out his coach and declares that he will drive the whole party to London to see the Coronation of the Queen. Off they went—the parents, the lovers, Sir Jasper, and an "old-man-of-the-sea" friend of his, called Professor Jogram.

Sir Jasper drove, and put Miss Dolly on the box by his side. He behaved very badly, neglecting the horses and risking their lives to gaze in Dolly's eyes, and she was no better than he. Meanwhile, William fumed and fretted, and when they stopped the coach to gather dog-roses he almost exploded with wrath. In order to see the procession, they took the upper room in Mrs. Minifie's coffee-house, but, though the procession came by, they saw very little of it. For Dolly and William had a quarrel, and Dolly nearly had a declaration from Sir Jasper, who was desperately in love with the pretty little puppet. However, the Professor checked Sir Jasper, and, though the poor fellow stamped and raved, even bellowed with love—as perhaps was the custom in the days when "Nicholas Nickleby" was coming out in parts—he decided to go away, and he did retire from the field and went "the grand tour," leaving the lovers, who, of course, made up their quarrel, to get married.

The old gentleman lived again through his little time of storm and stress as he held the page in his hand; then suddenly he fancied that in his pocket were the dog-roses, and, putting in his hand, drew out not the dog-roses, but a sprig of rosemary, "for remembrance," that Dolly had given to him.

A pretty play is "Rosemary," full of quaint, Dickens-like touches of character-humour, and perhaps a little overcharged towards the end with sentiment. Everybody seemed to delight in it, though the fourth act—a kind of epilogue—appeared rather too long, and even a little oppressive. Fortunately, Mr. Charles Wyndham, though ingenious in suggesting age, was at least ten years pleasanter than his intention. However, it is Mr. Wyndham as the humorous Jasper, and the Jasper with delicate hints of love, that I rejoiced in, and not the Wyndham as frantic lover or the garrulous old man. The success will chiefly be due to the character-parts, ingeniously drawn and admirably acted—to Captain Cruickshank, the old sea-dog, superbly played, and at short notice, by Mr. Alfred Bishop; and George, the elderly post-boy, of whom Mr. James Welch gave a finely finished humorous sketch; to Priscilla, the quaint country maid, capitably acted by Miss Annie Hughes; and the Professor, a part half finished by the actress, admirably given by Mr. J. H. Barnes. Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson seem likely to make a great success with "Rosemary," though it is by no means their best play.

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER AND "ROSEMARY."

The part author—Mr. Carson being his *collaborateur*—of "Rosemary" is a living proof that dramatic talents and energy are the best introductions to theatrical managers. Five years ago Mr. L. N. Parker was still Director of Music at Sherborne School, and, though keenly interested in all that concerned the literary side of stage-life, he knew nothing, from a practical point of view, of the modern theatrical world.

Privately printed copy of "A Buried Talent" falling by accident into the hands of a provincial manager, led to the production of the clever little play, and to the author's friendship with Mr. Louis Calvert, whose advice and encouragement proved invaluable to him. In "A Buried Talent" Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her first appearance in London as a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Company, and the same impresario produced, with signal success, Mr. Parker's second acted drama, "Love in a Mist," a poetical pastoral play



MR. L. N. PARKER.

Photo by Bava, Agr.

acted amid sylvan glades, "weather permitting," all over England. By that time, those whose task it is to cater for the playgoer had waked up to the fact that a new dramatist had arisen, and in quick succession were produced "The Sequel," with Miss Alma Murray in the principal rôle, at the Vaudeville; "Chris," produced at the same theatre by Mrs. Lancaster Wallis; "The Bohemians," at the Globe, where for the first time Mr. Parker met his future friend and literary associate, Mr. Murray Carson; "David" and "Gudgeons," both written in collaboration, and severally produced by Miss Burney at the Garrick and Miss Steer at Terry's; "The Man in the Street," a brilliant little play which gave a great chance to that clever character-actor Mr. James Welch; and "The Blue Bear," acted at Terry's last year. In addition to the above plays, "In Taunton Vale" and "The Love-Knot" proved much to the taste of provincial audiences, and "The Peruvians," produced in New York by Mr. Mansfield, made the English dramatist known in America.

Mr. Parker (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) was born in France, educated in Germany, and can claim both English and American parentage. He is as keen a thinker as he is a hard worker.

"Yes," he replied, in answer to a query, "I am very much interested in the work of foreign dramatists. I have just finished translating 'Magda.' A literal translation, mind: I do not believe in adaptations, for if the work is worth anything it ought to bear faithful translation. By the way, I believe I was one of the first to translate 'Rosmersholm.' I look on Ibsen as a great master."

"How do you regard stage conventions?"

"Conventionalities are part of life, both on the stage and off. They cannot be disregarded, but much depends on how they are handled by those who write plays. Take the vexed questions of scenery and costume: a certain kind of stage-realism, far from heightening, positively destroys the illusion of reality. Suggestive scenery, that which creates an atmosphere, is what we want in a theatre. I personally have a great dislike to built-up scenes. My ideal of stage-scenery is the result achieved by Mr. Hann in the coffee-room scene in 'Rosemary.' So exquisitely is it painted that the illusion is perfect, and the old engravings seem hanging on walls. Real frames suspended from the sides of a real room would not have produced so absolutely real an effect."

"'Rosemary' is, I believe, but one of a series of plays written by you and about to be produced in London?"

"Oh, well, I don't know about that. 'Lancelot of the Lake,' a five-act tragedy, has been purchased by Mr. Willard; Mr. Fred Terry will, in time, produce a four-act play entitled 'The Old Garth'; and Mr. Addison Bright and myself have written a four-act play on a very large canvas, which we hope to see produced soon. As to my methods of work, I am not one of those who go to real incidents for my plots. I once did it, and the critics unanimously declared that the two principal incidents in the play—both, note, absolute transcripts from life—could never have occurred! Once my subject is thoroughly thought out, the actual writing of a play takes me from three to six weeks."

"Do you adopt the plan of writing round a cast, or do you work with any reference to the idiosyncrasies of your future interpreters?"

"I have never written a play with a view to suiting any special company, and yet we had Mr. Wyndham in our minds when we wrote 'Rosemary.'"

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON and Co. beg to announce that, in consequence of the exceptionally large demand for MARIE CORELLI'S New Book, "THE MIGHTY ATOM," they have gone to press with an EIGHTH EDITION, completing

53,000 COPIES.
In handsome cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Large First Edition of HELEN MATHERS' New Novel, "THE SIN OF HAGAR," having been over-subscribed before publication, a Second Edition is in the press. In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

A New Novel by JOHN BICKERDYKE, entitled LADY VAL'S ELOPEMENT, is published this day simultaneously in London and New York. In cloth gilt, 6s.

By the Author of "For the Term of His Natural Life."

HEAVY ODDS, a Novel by MARCUS CLARKE, will be delivered to-morrow, in cloth gilt, 6s.

* * The First Large Edition being over-subscribed, a Second Edition is at press.

The New Volume of the ZEIT-GEIST LIBRARY of Complete Novels, entitled "OUT OF BOUNDS," by A. GARRY, is Now Ready in cloth gilt, 2s.; in artistic paper, 1s. 6d.; with Coloured Title and Frontispiece.

A SECOND EDITION is Now Ready of J. E. MUDDOCK'S New Story of the Indian Mutiny, "THE GREAT WHITE HAND." In artistic linen, gilt, 6s.

London: HUTCHINSON and CO., Paternoster Row.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S Last Novel, WEIR OF HERMISTON, is Now Ready. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

The FIRST EDITION of SIR WALTER BESANT'S New Novel, THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN, having been entirely exhausted, the novel has been REPRINTED, and copies may now be had, in 2 vols., 10s. net; and at every Library.
"It is charming; it is informed with the healthiest spirit, and it is optimistic, chivalrous, picturesque."—DAILY NEWS.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S New Novel, THE RIDDLE RING, is Now Ready, in 3 vols., 15s. net; and at every Library.

THE HARDING SCANDAL. By FRANK BARRETT. 2 vols., 10s. net; and at every Library.
"A striking study of as consummate a 'fashionable' scoundrel as may be well imagined."—SCOTSMAN.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW ROMANCE.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC. Edited by MARK TWAIN. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth decorated, 6s.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOWNFALL."
ROME. By E. ZOLA. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
"A literary production, destined to command universal attention. . . . The book abounds in powerful pages of description."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

THE SHADOW OF HILTON FERNBROOK. By ATHA WESTBURY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

AN EASY-GOING FELLOW. By C. J. WILLS, Author of "The Land of the Lion and the Sun." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

NEW SIX-SHILLING BOOKS.

A CROWN OF STRAW. By ALLEN UPWARD.

"A story of surpassing interest, a pure drama of a very high order of excellence."—SCOTSMAN.

THE CRUCIFORM MARK. By RICCARDO STEPHENS.

"A remarkable story, unconventional, and of absorbing interest."—ECHO.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

A LIVING LIE. By PAUL BOURGET. Translated by John de Villiers.

"The work itself is an education; the very greatest novel of analysis and character France has produced since Balzac."—VANITY FAIR.

THE CONVICT SHIP. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"The Convict Ship" is, take it from stem to stern, the best work Mr. Clark Russell has yet turned out."—PUNCH.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEM,

THE TALE OF BALEN, will be ready on May 28. Crown 8vo, buckram gilt, 7s.

THE REV. H. R. HAWES'S NEW BOOK,

TRAVEL AND TALK: MY HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL, will be ready on May 27, with Two Portraits. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21s.

TALES OF OUR COAST, by S. R. CROCKETT, GILBERT PARKER, HAROLD FREDERIC, W. CLARK RUSSELL, and "Q," with 13 Illustrations by Frank Brangwyn, will be ready on May 28. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

DORIS AND I, by JOHN STAFFORD, will be ready on May 28. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

A Splendid Complete NATURAL HISTORY, containing 2500 Quarto Pages and about 2000 High-Class Illustrations, for the sum of **13s.**

Cheap Issue in Weekly Parts, price 6d., of

CASSELL'S

NATURAL

HISTORY.

WITH ABOUT 2000 ILLUSTRATIONS,

Including a Series of NEW PLATES expressly prepared during the present month from Photographs of Animals in the Zoological Gardens, London.

Part I., Ready May 22 (including Large PRESENTATION ENGRAVING, "RIVAL KINGS OF THE DESERT," and a Handsome COLOURED PLATE), price Sixpence.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Ltd., Ludgate Hill, London; Paris and Melbourne.

A BOOK FOR WOMEN.

A HUSBAND'S ORDEAL; or, The Confessions of Gerald Brownson, late of Coora Coora, Queensland. By PERCY RUSSELL. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Vol. II., the Waterloo Series.

"Originality of idea marks 'A Husband's Ordeal.' The story once begun is certain to be read, and the excitement is sustained from start to finish."—BLACK AND WHITE.

"It fully arouses the reader's interest, and keeps it awake till the last page is reached."—MADAME.

BELLAIRS and CO., Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

A BRIDE'S EXPERIMENT: A Story of Australian Bush Life. By CHARLES J. MANSFORD, Author of "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver." Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"A painfully realistic picture of the worst side of Australian bush life. . . . The work, though coarse, is powerful, and can scarcely fail to be widely perused."—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

"From the beginning to the end, the interest never flags."—BLACK AND WHITE.

BELLAIRS and CO., Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

THE LURE OF FAME. By CLIVE HOLLAND, Author of "My Japanese Wife." Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"There is not a trace of ambitious or offensive modernity about this graceful and pathetic idyll."—GLASGOW HERALD.

"Will certainly enhance the reputation of the author."—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

BELLAIRS and CO., Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

THE SOLDIER IN BATTLE; or, Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac. By FRANK WILKESON, a Survivor of Grant's last Campaign. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

"We have seldom met with a more vivid account of the realities of war."—TIMES, March 19.

"I have been reading the book lately, and have been fascinated and horrified by it."—Walter Jerrold in SUNDAY TIMES.

BELLAIRS and CO., Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

THIRD EDITION.

A MAN AND A WOMAN. Faithfully presented by STANLEY WATERLOO. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Vol. I., the Waterloo Series.

The ATHENÆUM, March 21, says: "This is a notable book." And VANITY FAIR speaks of "its extraordinary human interest, its humour and pathos, its passion and beauty."

The DAILY NEWS describes it as "a rhapsody of love and of conjugal comradeship; tender, delicate, and passionate."

BELLAIRS and CO., Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY.—New Volume.

Edited by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and A. E. T. WATSON.

BILLIARDS.

By Major W. BROADFOOT, R.E.

With Contributions by

A. H. BOYD, SYDENHAM DIXON, W. J. FORD, DUDLEY D. PONTIFEX, RUSSELL D. WALKER, and REGINALD H. R. RIMINGTON-WILSON.

With 30 Illustrations by Lucien Davies, R.I., and from Photographs, and numerous Diagrams and Figures.
Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30 precisely,
TRILBY.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
Box Office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 to 10. HAYMARKET.

LYCEUM.—Under the management of Mr. Forbes Robertson and
Mr. Frederick Harrison. (Lessee, Henry Irving.)
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.45 (until May 29),
FOR THE CROWN.
Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Charles Dalton,
Mr. Mackintosh, &c. Preceded at 8 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30. LYCEUM.

SHAFTESBURY.—MR. WALLER and MR. MORELL
Lessees. (Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.)
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30, a New Comedy,
A MATCHMAKER.
By Clo Graves and Gertrude Kingston.
LAST NIGHTS.
Box Office (Mr. David) 10 to 10. SHAFTESBURY.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLETS,
FAUST and LA DANSE.
GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLETS, BLUEBEARD and LOCHINVAR, THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.
Grand Varieties. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION, 1896,
EARL'S COURT, S.W.
Director-General: IMRE KIRALFY.
OPEN DAILY from 11 a.m. to 11.15 p.m.
Admission One Shilling.
INDIA, CEYLON, BURMA, and other CROWN DEPENDENCIES.
A VERITABLE EASTERN EXHIBITION.
A VALUABLE COLLECTION of the ARTS, CRAFTS, and JEWELS of the EAST
Lent by Public Bodies and Private Collectors.
Great Success of
Magnificent Historical Spectacle, "INDIA."
Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
The new CENTRAL HALL, and the new WESTERN ARCADE,
connecting Queen's Court and Western Gardens.
The great Panorama of New ANCIENT ROME, 312 A.D.
THE BELVEDERE TOWER.
CAPTIVE BALLOON.
THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.
THE INDIAN and CINGALESE CITY with Native Men and Women at work.
Devil Dancers, Nautch Girls, Cingalese Illusionists, &c.
FIVE LOVELY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.
Grenadier Guards, 2nd Life Guards, and other bands.
Refreshments at all prices to suit all purses.
OPEN DAILY from 11 a.m. to 11.15 p.m.
Admission One Shilling.
Principal Entrance, Lillie Road, West Brompton.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION, 1896.
EARL'S COURT, S.W.
SEASON TICKETS, 10s. 6d.
Entitling the holder to participate in the Second Annual Prize-Drawing of the Earl's Court Art
Union. The Prizes will be valuable Works of Art.
The cash value of the 526 Art Prizes distributed last season—the First of the Annual Drawings—
was £881 19s. 6d., the number of Season Tickets sold being 10,230.
The Season Ticket will entitle the holder to the same reduction on the price of a seat in the
Empress Theatre as is made to the public paying for admission to the Exhibition. For particulars
and Forms of Application, apply to the Season Ticket Office, Exhibition Buildings, Earl's Court, S.W.

OLYMPIA.—NEW SUMMER SHOW Twice Daily, at 2 and 8 p.m.
Twelve Hours' Continuous Entertainment, from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. INTERNATIONAL CYCLE
RACES. OSCAR CARRE'S ROYAL NETHERLAND CIRQUE. GRAND BALLET
DIVERTISSEMENT. THE NEW OLYMPIA PLEASURE GROUNDS NOW OPEN. Acres of
Alluring Loveliness. The Greatest Variety Show ever presented to the Public. For particulars
see Daily Papers.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.
Now on View,
"Langham Sketches," by Geo. C. Hallett, President Langham Sketching Club.
Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.
May 16 to June 6.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—SUSSEX.—Very bracing situation, within two
hours of London.
Golf. Tennis. Beautiful drives. Good bathing and fishing.
Perfect water supply. Parade controlled by De La Warr Estate. First-class hotels.
Herr Wurm's famous White Viennese Band (engaged for season).

SPA SUMMER SEASON.—Racing, Pigeon-shooting, Tennis, Concerts,
Swimming Contests, Water Polo, &c., &c., and CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Ronlette,
Trente-et-Quarante, and all attractions of Monte Carlo. Excellent hotels, with inclusive tariffs of
12s. per diem. Within twelve hours of London.—For details, address
M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

RAMSGATE.—THE GRANVILLE HOTEL.
FIRST CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Turkish and Ozon Baths in the Building. Command-
ing Unique Views of the World's Highway for Shipping. Bracing and Invigorating Ocean Air.
FISHING, YACHTING, COACHING. SPECIAL GRANVILLE EXPRESS DAILY.
Under entirely New Management. CARL G. GRUNHOLD, Manager.

HUMBER CYCLES.—These unrivalled machines are used by
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, Prince Henry of
Prussia, the Crown Princes of Italy and Greece, the Duke of Elfe, and the Duchesses of Manchester,
Sutherland, and Bedford; and other distinguished personages.
Catalogues obtainable and the Cycles may be seen at 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

RICHMOND (SURREY) HORSE SHOW,
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 12 and 13, 1896.
Classes for Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, Tandems, Four-in-Hands.
JUMPING COMPETITIONS.
Challenge Cup for Hunters, value £110; Challenge for Harness Horses, value 50 guineas;
numerous Special Prize Silver Cups, and greatly increased Prize-Money.
Entries close May 30, or, with double fees, June 1, 1896.
Schedule of Prizes of GERALD FITZGERALD, Secretary and Manager.
Offices, Station Hotel, Richmond, Surrey.

WHERE TO SPEND WHITSUN.

If you want a nice little holiday in Paris you should travel by the
Brighton and South Coast Railway, who run on Saturday a fourteen-day
excursion to the Gay City. Then there are trips to Normandy and
Brittany, to-morrow, Friday, and Saturday. Special Saturday to
Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the
Isle of Wight. On Whit-Sunday and Monday day trips will be run to
Brighton, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c.

The South-Eastern invite you on Saturday to Boulogne, returning
Monday, on which date you may go to Calais. To-morrow you may start
for Paris or Brussels. Excursions are announced to Ramsgate, Walmer,
Deal, and all places on the company's system.

The London and South-Western Railway Company will run a special
trip from London to St. Malo on Friday, to Havre on Friday and
Saturday, to Cherbourg on Saturday, and to Guernsey and Jersey on
Saturday. Cheap excursions will leave Waterloo, &c., on Saturday, for
Plymouth, South and North Devon, &c. Day excursions, at reduced
fares, from Waterloo on Whit-Sunday for Southampton (West), New
Forest, Bournemouth, Portsmouth, Ryde, &c. On Whit-Monday special
trip for Sidmouth and Exmouth, Portsmouth, Southampton, &c.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from
London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., on Friday and Saturday, and the
North of England; on Whit-Monday to St. Albans and Birmingham, &c.,
for one day; and to Manchester on the 28th. Cheap excursions to
London for five or eight days will also be run from the North, &c.

The London and North-Western Railway Company will run cheap
excursions from London to Ireland to-morrow and on Friday. Also
on Friday night to Newport (Salop), Preston, Abergavenny, Carlisle,
&c.; on Saturday to Leamington, Shrewsbury, Londonderry, &c.; on
Whit-Monday to Birmingham, Berkhamstead; and on Tuesday to
Stratford-on-Avon.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on the night of
Friday a cheap excursion will leave London for Newcastle, Edinburgh,
Glasgow, &c. Cheap three or six days' excursions will also be run to
Cambridge, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Leicester, Stoke, Sheffield,
Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Hull,
Newcastle, &c., and for one, three, or four days to Skegness, Sutton-on-
Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Whit-Monday cheap day excursions will be
run to St. Albans, Hertford, Skegness, &c. On Thursday night, May 28,
a fast excursion, for two days, will be run to Manchester.

The Zeeland Steamship Company take you to the Continent *via*
Queenborough and Flushing—to Berlin in twenty hours, to Dresden in
twenty-eight hours.

The Great Eastern will take you to Scheveningen (the Dutch
Brighton), *via* Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Passengers will leave
on Friday, and, crossing by a special steamer, will reach Scheveningen in
time for breakfast next morning. These tickets will be available to
return any day up to and including Saturday. Return tickets at single
fares will be issued to Berlin, for the Exhibition, on Friday.

It is surprising to see such meagre accounts in the English
papers of "El Capitan," the new comic opera, with music by John
Philip Sousa (otherwise known as the "March King"), and book by
Charles Klein (brother of Mr. Hermann Klein, the musical critic), that
has recently been brought out successfully in Boston and New York.
The head of the company producing the opera is De Wolf Hopper, a
great favourite across the Atlantic. The composer seems to have
indulged freely in his favourite march music, and Mr. Charles Klein has
chosen Peru as the *locale* of his action, the Spanish Viceroy disguising
himself as El Capitan, a redoubtable insurgent leader. The rebellion
motif, of course, suggests the Cuban War. Mr. Klein has done much
work for the stage, having, for instance, been concerned in the successful
piece "By Proxy," and in "Truthful James," produced by Mr. James
Mortimer at the Royalty a few years back.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE SUMMER SEASON, 1896, NOW OPEN DAILY.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN PRODUCTS.

The Greatest
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MOTORS, &c.
"Horseless" Carriages of every description and unrivalled in examples and interest.

MOTOR CARRIAGES, CYCLES, &c., SHOWN IN OPERATION DAILY
from 2 to 3.30 and 6.30 to 8.15 p.m.

Sporting Trophies and Curiosities (from India and Colonies) of H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans.

Collection of Ancient Armour and Equipments.

THE CELEBRATED MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA
(65 Performers; 18 Soloists). Twice daily—4.15 to 6 and 8.45 to 11 p.m.
Reserved Seats—4s., 3s., and 2s. (numbered), and 1s.
West Garden Pavilions and Enclosure when fine; Great Hall when inclement.

LUNCHEONS from 1 p.m., DINNERS from 6.30 p.m., in the East Garden Pavillion.
Tea and Light Refreshments in the West Garden.

Trains and Buses (to South Kensington) throughout the day.
1s. 6d. cab from West Central District.

Admission ONE SHILLING (no extras), from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.
On Wednesdays (Fellows' Day) by Tickets only.

MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA.—The First of the Series of
NATIONAL CONCERTS will be given on THURSDAY EVENING next, May 21.
MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA.
CONCERT NATIONAL DE MUSIQUE RUSSE at the Imperial Institute, TO-MORROW,
8.45 p.m. Compositions by Borodine, Cesar Cul, Glilka, Koplow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Rubinstein,
and Tschalkowsky.



"I'm rather quaint and picturesque."



"Love! love! come at my call."



*"A geisha's life imagination tints
With all the charming colours of the rose."*



*"If a smile my cheeks should dimple,
It's because it's all so simple."*

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS O MIMOSA SAN IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I want to offer a humble tribute to the official who spends his nights in forecasting the morrow's weather. I picture him as a white-haired astrologer in a skull-cap, who takes a turn with the globes, gazes fixedly at the stars, looks into a magic crystal, then seizes a pen and writes thunder-storms for London. This mystic compound of fate, foreknowledge, and free-will comes winding out of a telegraphic instrument with a melodious tick, and is presented to me by a gentleman in an apron, with a request for the "weather block." Forthwith I cut from a proof-sheet the image of a lady with an umbrella and a skyward glance out of the corner of her left eye, as of one who is on the look-out for squalls; and this figures in the town next day, in a blazing sun, as an accurate prediction of the elements. I am sure I do the astrologer no injustice when I say this is not a misleading jest on his part. Nor does he make up his far-seeing mind on the principle that, by foretelling thunder-storms long enough, you are sure to be a vindicated prophet some day. No; there is a subtler philosophy than this under that skull-cap. By launching imaginary thunder-bolts at us the astrologer keeps up our childlike faith in a perfidious climate. We expect to cannon off hailstones, and we get a prolonged break of sunshine. So, instead of reproaching the astrologer, I hail him as a benefactor of his species.

There might be some hazard in this romantic treatment of the weather if the public mind were disposed to realism, and if the prophet were unwary enough to seek a cheap popularity by promising us the sun all the summer. Then resentment might run high, and his white hairs be dabbled with his blood. But this debauch of light and colour into which May, like a young Bacchante, has suddenly plunged us, makes a man heedless of storm-signals. Heaven forbid that I should conjecture the state of the weather when these lines are read! I am drunk with sunshades. If anybody were to offer me any light refreshment now, I should probably stammer, "P—purple or y—yellow, please—don't mind about handle—small p—piece sugar!" This is the moral effect of the sunshade, as seen in the Park, and in articles on fashion; as for the sugar, that, as you will at once perceive, is a refined and agreeable way of indicating the fair who wields this emblem of beauty. We are a practical people, and pride ourselves on organisation. Why not organise a great sunshade demonstration, massing battalions of scarlet and hurling them on hollow squares of saffron? The most dazzling sight in the world is the *tribune des dames* at Longchamps on the Grand Prix day. Why not erect stands in the Park, fill them with toilettes carefully selected from the fashion articles, and let the astrologer in the skull-cap, escorted by a band, receive the homage of the multitude?

This May madness for colour might indicate a dangerous riot in the blood, had not the ingenious Mr. Havelock Ellis demonstrated that the colour-sense of this generation bears witness to a sound moral state. He takes a list of English worthies in literature, and neatly tabulates their preferences for green and yellow, and so forth. I gather from this that a minor bard to-day may plume himself on a healthier taste than Shakspeare's. He has only to avoid aniline dyes, and take his simple tints from the English landscape, and his virtues will shine before all men. Shakspeare, I imagine, had an occasional misgiving about his own extravagance in colouring. Remember Antony's evasion when Lepidus asks him, "Of what colour is your crocodile?" "'Tis of its own colour, and the tears of it are wet." William, I have no doubt, was just on the point of tinting that crocodile an impossible green, when he reflected that a future commentator might seize upon this as a proof of mental disorder. The foreign observer whom I quoted last week found our landscape "metallic." It suggested to him the unimaginative, commercial nature of the islander. Some patriotic Britons discern in the olive-groves and the orange-trees of the Riviera, and especially in the monotonous blue of the Mediterranean, a sad reflection on the morals of the natives. Here is a problem for Mr. Havelock Ellis. How is he going to internationalise colour, so as to reconcile the art critics of the South with the Big Englander?

Vagaries of the colour-sense may account for the sin of plagiarism, especially in the pulpit. There is a great commotion among the elect of a certain denomination in New York, because a preacher has been detected in illicit borrowing. He quoted a passage from "a quaint old writer," who was found to be another divine, dead within the last twenty years. This raises the important question: When does a defunct oracle become quaint and old? Worshipful laymen who listened

to the quotation declared that it was misleading. They supposed "a quaint old writer" to be an Early Christian, or somebody with the dust of a century or two at least upon his memory. That is a nice point for cultivated New Yorkers; but what has it to do with the charge of plagiarism? To plagiarise is deliberately to convey the wisdom of others without acknowledgment; but when you have the candour to cite, however vaguely, your quaint old authority, that ought to relieve you from the odium of stealing. The great trouble of the pulpit is that it has said all it ought to have said (I hasten to interject that this is from a quaint old poet, slightly perverted), and is gravelled for lack of matter (this is also from the quaintly antique). If I might presume to offer advice to preachers, I should say that, when confronted by a mystery of heaven and earth, they should smile and look politely round to catch a casual suggestion, but make no effort to propound any solution of the question. (That smacks of ancient quaintness, too; so, when charges of plagiarism are going, my antiquated withers will remain quaintly unwrung!)

The hard case of the pulpit must touch every moralist who discourses once a week. He knows what it is to find that the frisking, fresh young lamb of his fancy is a tough old bell-wether from another fold. But he is better off than the parson, in this respect, that he is not compelled to range for quotation among authors who have writ of naught save the eternal verities. He cannot fall back on the humorists; a good story of Mark Twain's is no help to him. The congregation, who expect him to evolve new and magnificent ideas twice every Sunday out of their limited conception of the universe, would scarcely permit him to preach upon the public services of the late Mr. Bunner. I first met the editor of *Puck* years ago, at the Tile Club, in New York, a haunt of artists and journalists, and several kinds of humorous persons—a queer little place, rich in oysters and a Bulgarian dainty which Mr. Frank Millet, a master of the culinary art, toasted on a skewer, to the profound contentment of the company. When I set eyes on Mr. Bunner I mistook him for Mr. Chamberlain—there was the same dark, keen face, the same dapper manner, the same eye-glass. Mark Twain, I remember, was of the crowd, and his quaint, but not ancient, wisdom rolled slowly round the circle, what time the Bulgarian dainty came peeling ceremoniously off the skewer. There was another story-teller, Hopkinson Smith, who divided his time then, I believe, between the congenial pursuits of painting and engineering, and, in holiday moments, told delicious legends with a most stimulating twinkle of the eye, legends some of which have since found their way into books. One of these, "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," is a humorous and truthful portraiture of a Southern gentleman, little understood, I fear, in England. And there is a book of H. C. Bunner's, "The Runaway Browns," which no lover of true humour can afford to neglect. Well, Bunner is dead, and is mourned of the Tile Club, and of all who ever had the privilege to sojourn there; and if New York divines were to quote him as "a quaint old writer," there would be a great enlivenment of a peculiarly dull and profitless sort of talk.

I was one of those who were keenly disappointed when the tumulus on Parliament Hill was found not to be the tomb of Boadicea. But there is a memorial of the warrior-queen, a group of statuary which a niggardly Government refused to buy from the late Mr. Thornycroft; and if there be any public spirit left to us, this monument ought to be set up on some worthy site, and unveiled on the day when the Women's Suffrage Bill comes on for second reading. The great argument against that measure is that it would enable women, who have no physical force, to decide questions of peace and war. Well, Boadicea bore herself with intrepid heart in battle with the Romans. Why should she not become the inspiring goddess of the Pioneer Club? Speeches for women's rights, delivered under the shadow of her august form, might impress even the dull imagination of the average ratepayer. Ladies from the Pioneer, clad in appropriate uniforms, naval, military, and diplomatic, might illustrate the capacity of women to command armies, sail ships, and negotiate with President Krüger without making inquiries about his wife's health.

QUEEN OF HER HEART.

The little rag doll is queen,
Her realm is a maiden's heart,
And there she will reign serene
And play her important part.
A bundle of rags is she,
With collar of scraggly fur;
She's only a doll to me,
But more than a doll to her.—*Chicago Post.*

SOME YORKSHIRE CRICKETERS.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



PEEL.



WAINWRIGHT.



LORD HAWKE.



MR. F. S. JACKSON.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen will soon be back at her beloved Balmoral. Princess Henry of Battenberg will go to Kissingen at the end of the month.

The bazaar which is being held at St. Martin's Town Hall (it closes to-day) in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital is very theatrical. There are eight stalls named after theatres, and presided over by forty of the most popular actresses, including Mrs. Tree, Miss Dorothea Baird, Mrs. Patrick

Campbell, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Juliette Nesville, Miss Letty Lind, the Vanbrugh sisters, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Katie Seymour, Miss Birdie Sutherland, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Esmé Beringer, and Miss Fanny Brough; with Mr. Arthur Roberts, the one man in the lot!

During the afternoon of that hottest of days, Tuesday week, I found Madame Patti, at the Albert Hall, delighting an

enormous audience, whose thirst for encores was literally insatiable. Outside, the birds were making the air gay; and, inside, this singer, whom time cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety, was making the world yet gayer. It was the ideal spring concert; the colour of the dresses universally cool and light, and Patti herself clad in a gown of palest blue, shimmering with wonderful reflections of interwoven gold. She sang every sort of song: the long-drawn cadences of Schubert's "Ave Maria," the brilliant tricks of "Una voce," the bright and breezy commonplace of Ardit's "Il bacio," and the frankly outworn "Home, Sweet Home." Nobody would dream of asserting that her voice has not suffered; but there is the marvel still, the perfection only somewhat thinned, and showing a trifle harshly when the voice is strained beyond its present capacity. And in each variety of song she seemed to lift a curtain from the dull and dead past, and to remind her audience of all her golden triumphs and of the breathless enthusiasms she has inspired. And I wager that no one of us doubted, in listening, that such triumphs could have been.

Miss Mary Rose Hill Burton, whose sketches in Japan are now the attraction at the Clifford Galleries, is one of the best authorities on the Chrysanthemum Land. Miss Burton went to Japan to visit her brother, Professor W. K. Burton, who has been resident in that country for some years, and has married a Japanese lady. With him she travelled through the beautiful and unfrequented Ainu country, where pack-horses were the only means of locomotion, and, though she was in Japan during the time of the war, she suffered no inconvenience whatever from it. She is the youngest daughter of the late John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, her grandfather also being a man-of-letters, and Professor at the Edinburgh University. Her aunt, Miss Hill Burton, is one of the most familiar figures in Edinburgh public life, having taken a deep interest in educational matters. Her elder sister, who is the wife of a doctor in Aberdeen, has written several novels and some verse, besides an exhaustive work on the famous medical men of the Granite City.

When she was only a few months old, her family removed from Edinburgh to a romantic old estate in the country, and therefore most of her youth was spent on the hills, and the greater part of her time in drawing and painting, though she attended classes in Edinburgh and was at school for some time in Paris. Her first fancy, before she was ten years of age, was for decorative design, a love to which she has lately returned, for, since 1892, she has thrown herself very decidedly into decorative painting, and is at present engaged, along with some other young Scots artists, on mural paintings for divers public places in Edinburgh; and she now considers mural decoration to be the highest walk of art, claiming for her present exhibition of drawings a decorative quality. While still in her early teens she began ambitious landscapes, water-colours, portraits, &c., and the success of some trifling drawings at the Royal Scottish Academy, after only a school-girl's training, made her decide to launch herself on the rough seas of the artistic world. A little later she went to Munich, and there made her first attempt at regular study, but, after only one winter, she went on to Paris, and there worked under the guidance of Gustaf Courtois and Raphael Collins. Her one desire has always been for the novel and picturesque, and that love has taken her very far afield, for tours through Norway, Holland, Germany, France, and the neighbouring countries; but they had been painted and painted, and only the Emerald Isle seemed to offer a fresh field. So to Ireland she drifted, wandering wherever her artistic instincts led her, eventually visiting the wilds of Connemara, where she found such scenery and such models as she had seen in no other place. By her pictures of Ireland she first became famous, as, before she went to Japan, her most successful subjects were Irish, and by them she became known both in the Scots and English galleries, for she has been a regular contributor to the Royal Academy and New Gallery for some years.

The late Lord Granville, who was noted as a first-rate *raconteur*, and who loved a good story, used to tell the following, and that with great

relish, even though it did not record a diplomatic triumph on his part. The incident occurred at the time of the late Shah's first visit to this country. Lord Granville was then Foreign Minister, and in that position he had, of course, to arrange everything in connection with the visit. Dreadful stories were in circulation at the time about executions and the modes of administering justice in Persia. The Shah brought over, as is usual, a large suite, with many attendants, and popular rumour took it for granted that the Head Executioner was among them; legends followed on this that he would have to execute his master's orders even in Buckingham Palace, where they were all put up. It is now well enough known that these tales about executions, &c., resulted from the doings of Nasr-ed-Din's predecessor, and that the late Shah was really a very humane man, and had carried out many reforms in the matter of punishments and in the administration of the law in Persia. These dreadful tales had reached the ears of the Queen, and, good woman as she is, her Majesty was shocked; she spoke to Lord Granville about it, and asked him, if he could find an opportunity, to speak to the Shah and give him some good advice on this matter. The opportunity was found, and the Foreign Secretary began by saying that there was one thing that the Queen desired that his Majesty would take into consideration on his return to Persia. The Shah said that if there was anything he could possibly do that would please his sister the Queen of England, it might be considered as already done. On hearing what Lord Granville had to say, Nasr-ed-Din said, in reply, that, since he had come to the throne, he had done what he could to improve matters of that kind, and, in reality, very few executions had taken place. There had been some, he admitted, but capital punishments had to take place in Persia, as in other countries. And, as if suddenly recalling something to his memory, he said the last execution that had taken place before he left was done, he understood, at the request and to please the British Minister at Teheran; and the Shah turned to his Wuzzeer and asked him to confirm what he said. After that backhander, Lord Granville described how he, as quickly as possible, turned the conversation in another direction.

The *Chicago Tribune* has always been famous for its head-lines. Here is one in the issue just to hand on the Maybrick Case—

BAYARD'S TO BLAME.

SAID TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR INACTION IN MAYBRICK CASE.
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, CHIEF JUSTICE, MAKES STARTLING CHARGE.
WRITES LETTER TO EXPLAIN.

AMBASSADOR SAID AMERICA WAS NOT INTERESTED IN CASE.
POSSIBLE YET TO FREE THE WOMAN.

All this means that in America there is a much stronger feeling than here in favour of Mrs. Maybrick. Meanwhile, the fact that Lord Russell of Killowen has again expressed a conviction, which he held so strongly at the time, that Mrs. Maybrick is innocent, ought to make the authorities pause, and should do a great deal to set the poor woman free. That persuasion of her innocence is shared by a great many people in this country who are by no means cranks—it was shared, in fact, by nearly every lawyer in Court at the time of the trial. It is well known that Judge Stephen was mad when he tried the case, and that ought to be in itself a substantial reason for not allowing his cruel charge to the jury to do further mischief.

Referring to the article on mountain railways recently printed in these columns, a correspondent, writing from Las Palmas, says—

The Pilatus Railway, close to the station, is certainly at a greater gradient for some fifty feet than is the rope railway on Vesuvius, although it afterwards becomes less. Moreover, the Pilatus and Rigi Railways are not worked by ropes, but by an engine attached to the carriages, which pulls itself up by means of cogged wheels, that, in the case of the Pilatus Railway, lie transversely, or with their sides to the ground, while their cogs pull up a cogged line laid in the centre of the track, thus affording the acme of safety. Again, the Pilatus and Rigi Railways do not ascend in spirals, but in a more or less straight direction, with very slight curves, from the base to the summit, occasionally passing through tunnels. It is the ordinary railway through the St. Gothard Pass that traverses spiral or corkscrew tunnels, of which there are about three on either side of the great St. Gothard Tunnel, that lies at the highest point of the line. The funicular on Vesuvius might be compared with that in Lucerne, called the Gutch (I forget whether this is correctly spelt), and that on the right of the lake, as you steam down towards Flüelen, which leads to a large hotel at the top of the cliff, the Bergenstock. If I had a guide-book by me, I could fill up these details of names; but had the writer of the article to which I allude seen the places he mentions he would not have stated that the Pilatus Railway ascended in spiral fashion, or that the Vesuvian rope railway beat it altogether in gradient, and, I may add, he would not have compared the two, for one is worked by rack and cog, and the other by an endless rope.

Sir Henry Irving's world-renowned canine friend, the well-beloved Fussy, has, I hear, been a *persona grata* throughout the Lyceum chief's American *tournee*, and one big hotel alone paid the inevitable penalty for objecting to Fussy's presence. With Sir Henry more even than with most people is it a case of "Love me, love my dog."

That pleasing operatic vocalist, Madame Marie Engle, announced to make her Covent Garden *rentrée* during the first week of the season, lately scored a tremendous success in New York. At a *matinée* of "Les Huguenots," owing to the indisposition of Madame Melba, Madame Marie Engle filled exceedingly well the rôle of Marguerite de Valois. The value of her achievement will readily be gauged by those who remember Madame Melba's splendid singing as the Queen in Meyerbeer's opera last season.

Last week at the Alhambra I was charmed by the graceful dances of two little Russian girls, and, at my request, was introduced to them after their turn. They are the Rappo Sisters, aged about fourteen and sixteen respectively, and were born at Irkutsk, in Siberia, and taught to dance by their mother. They have already appeared in Vienna and Berlin, and will shortly fulfil engagements in New York and Paris. Their work is delightfully fresh and spontaneous, and, though technical to a degree, free from all suggestion of long and arduous practice. Such children would do exceedingly well in ballet, and I am sorry to think that their nomadic instincts will take them all over the world instead of allowing them to remain where I can see them often. The elder one is not unlike Mabel Love in appearance, and both look as though the exercise agreed with them. To see the two monopolising the huge Alhambra stage and drawing well-earned plaudits from all parts of the house was a pleasure that I intend to enjoy again before they leave town.

A friend of mine has shown me a copy of the second issue of a paper recently brought out under great difficulties at Gwelo, in South Africa. Gwelo is a little "station" about a hundred miles north-east of the much-harassed Bulawayo. The *Goldfields Independent*—that is the very appropriate name of the Gwelo paper—has been produced by means of the hektograph. It is not quite so large as *The Sketch*, but it is somewhat similar in shape, and the price is sixpence. The news of the "station" is briefly but very spicily presented to its readers, and several echoes from the Old Country, all dealing, of course, with the troubles over

Jameson's raid, are given a prominent position. They have deep faith in Cecil Rhodes—"the silent one," so it calls him—in Gwelo, that is made quite plain, and prophesy his speedy return to place and power in South African affairs. What a curiously mixed community the *Goldfields Independent* caters for may be seen from the following interesting paragraph—

That the population of Gwelo is a very cosmopolitan one was proved yesterday at the Resident Magistrate's Court. A civil action was being tried. In this, of the two plaintiffs, one was a Cockney, the other an American, and they had as representative a Hollander attorney. The defendant was a German, his agent a Scotchman, while the Resident Magistrate who tried the case was a Colonial with an Irish Clerk; and then, as though this were not enough, the Court Sergeant turned out to be an Anglo-Indian.

A vivid demonstration of what can be done in the way of healthy and artistic physical exercise was given by the pupils of the North Hackney High School for Girls, Stamford Hill, at the Queen's Hall on Saturday. The damsels, under the direction of Miss Alice R. James, went through a number

of evolutions, the most impressive of which was the graceful and well-executed cymbal dance, of which an illustration is given.

Everybody who has seen "Charley's Aunt"—and who hasn't seen her?—will read her representative's autobiography, "Penley on Himself," which Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has published. It is vivacious, if not quite veracious, for I fancy Mr. Penley has really written a fantastic study of himself rather than a mere dull biography.



THE RAPPO SISTERS.
Photo by Schermann, Berlin.



A CYMBAL DANCE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND A. H. FRY, BRIGHTON.

M. Paul Bourget, the famous French novelist whose quarrel with his publisher is still the talk of literary Paris, is one of the very few Parisian *littérateurs* who really know something of English life. He spent some time in Oxford, and enjoys nothing so much as a few weeks in his old haunts, and a considerable portion of his famous "Mensonges" was written in the Isle of Wight. M. Bourget has been, in his time, tutor, journalist, and art-critic. His first published work consisted of two slender volumes of verse brought out by Lemerre, the well-known *éditeur* with whom the author is now at daggers drawn. M. Bourget's novels have an immense foreign circulation, and are especially popular in America; they give a most unpleasing picture of the modern French-woman, and their writer has been, not unjustly, accused of writing his descriptions of *high-life* from hearsay or imagination rather than knowledge. It is but fair to add that, since his marriage, which occurred some four or five years ago, M. Bourget has been less severe on up-to-date womankind, but many of his admirers regret the time he spent over "Outre-Mer," a lengthy criticism of American customs and manners.

A University, Limited—nothing more or less—is the latest financial curiosity, and it hails from old, crusted Edinburgh to boot. It is such a curious scheme that I cannot refrain from noticing it. The Town and Gown Association, Limited, is the name of this venture, and it has been promoted by energetic Professor Patrick Geddes, who was once interviewed by a *Sketch* representative. Among the trustees for debenture-holders is the present Master of Balliol, Professor Caird, and it is elaborately pointed out that, while the Association will endeavour to advance the interests of both Scottish Towns and Gowns, its undertakings are to be by no means of a philanthropic nature. Professor Geddes is well known in Edinburgh town as the master-builder and originator of University Hall, a scheme which began modestly enough by renting and furnishing three small flats on the Mound, and which now boasts of several fine buildings, including Crudellus House, a hall devoted exclusively to lady students and tenants. Apparently, The Town and Gown Association, Limited, will endeavour to supply, at a reasonable cost, a series of agreeable residential Halls to those graduates and students who flock to Scottish Universities from all parts of the world, and, as this somewhat Utopian scheme seems to have originated entirely in Scottish brains, it is possible that Professor Geddes' dream may in time become a reality.

The Russian colours will play a certain part in the Coronation of the Czar, for the ancient flag on which the Russian arms are emblazoned forms part of the Imperial insignia, and is placed with the Imperial



crown, the sceptre, and the globe on a table a little to the right of the throne. The coming ceremony will certainly exceed everything that has ever gone before, or, one may venture to add, anything that will ever occur again, for all the barbaric magnificence of old-world Russia will be blended with modern magnificence. Thus the chariot which will convey the Czarina to and from the Kremlin was a gift from Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth. The exterior is heavily gilded, and

ornamented with a number of large panels covered with admirable paintings, the interior being lined with crimson velvet and literally studded with pearls and precious stones set in a maze of gold and silver threads, while through the plate-glass windows—certainly a modern addition to this fairy-like coach—the loyal Muscovite will be able to gaze his fill on his beautiful young Empress.

The oldest inhabitant of Wimbledon rejoices in the name of Robert Churchyard. Born April 30, 1796, at Cockfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, he has resided at Wimbledon for thirty-five years, working at his trade as carpenter until he was ninety-two. He remembers George III. and George IV. Two other centenarians have just died. Dr. Salmon, of Penlyne Court, Cowbridge, near Cardiff, was 106. He was the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and also the oldest Freemason in the world. Like Churchyard, he was a Suffolk man by birth, though he went to live in Wales when six years old. A Mull centenarian, Mr. Donald Macmaster, has passed away in his 103rd year. Until about four years ago, he was to be seen, any favourable evening, fishing in the Sound of Mull. He was an expert disciple of Izaak Walton, and always returned with a heavier basket than any other angler on the same water. To the very end his mental powers remained almost unimpaired, and to those who possessed a knowledge of the language of the Gael he was particularly grateful for a visit. His married life extended from 1821 to 1888.



THE WIMBLEDON CENTENARIAN.

Photo by Russell, Wimbledon.

All patriotic Scotsmen and many others are looking forward to the forthcoming Exhibition of Relics, Manuscripts, Pictures, &c., relating to Burns, to be held at Glasgow, from July to October. Mr. Colvill Scott, of 1, Wellington Chambers, Buckingham Gate, S.W., as honorary secretary to the London Committee, will be very glad to correspond with any gentlemen who possess relics, &c., or who are willing to add their names to the list of those who have subscribed towards the guarantee fund of five thousand pounds, or in any other way further the interest of the exhibition, to which the Queen has given her name as patron.

In what more fitting fashion could the centenary of Robert Burns' death be commemorated than by the erection, at Mauchline, of a group of cottage homes destined to shelter the old age of suitable applicants who, owing to unmerited misfortune or a run of "hard luck," have failed in their life struggle? The scheme has been taken up with great enthusiasm by many representative Scots, including the Marquis of Bute, Sir Claude Alexander, Sir Charles Tennant, Dr. Donald Macleod, Mr. Crockett, and many others. The cottages will cluster round a memorial tower, from which will be seen the beautiful country lying about the Mossiel Farm, "where Burns ploughed up the daisy." In the interior of the tower will be a hall to which relics and manuscripts of the poet will, in due course, find their way. The foundation-stone will be laid on July 23, in the middle of the Burns Week—a week which will be long remembered by the lovers of Scotch verse, for a unique collection of Burns relics will, no doubt, be shown at Glasgow, and Lord Rosebery will deliver a eulogy on the poet in St. Andrew's Hall. On the same day, the 21st, celebrations of various kinds will be held at Dumfries (where Burns is buried), Ayr, and, indeed, all over Scotland.

Regular travellers to and from Ludgate Hill on the London, Chatham, and Dover line pass unawares every day of their lives an "awful example" of unsuccessful theatrical enterprise. A large factory, now used by a firm of wholesale stationers, stands in Newington Causeway to recall, to those who know, the memory of an abortive theatre. The process of erection of a playhouse, to be called the Imperial, never got beyond the stage of completion of the building's "carcase," and the man who was financing the affair never brought his costly project to fruition. All this happened thirty years ago, when Newington Causeway was very different from what it now is.

A friend of mine, who lives in Harley Street, has had a most curious experience with a canary. The other day she opened the cage in the conservatory, and out flew the canary at the window. It made for a tree in the garden, and perched pertly on the topmost branch, looking down at its mistress with a knowing look. She did everything in her power to induce it to return to the cage, but, after two hours' pleading, gave up the task, and the bird vanished. Curious to say, about sunset the cunning canary was seen on the tree again, and when the cage was put into the garden the little creature came down and fluttered inside to its food, as if nothing had happened. It had been absent five long hours.

An interesting house in Cadogan Gardens is being built for Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who is at present painting in Japan. All the furniture is being prepared in the Land of the Rising Sun, under the versatile artist's personal supervision, and I hear of lacquer panelling and fretwork friezes which, when imported and duly placed, will excite all the town to a green and yellow envy. Mrs. Langtry's late house in Pont Street looks very charming under a new administration. I never had the pleasure of seeing it while those notable initials looked out of the window, but one heard from more fortunate friends of its gorgeous state. There was a sideboard—a royal gift, *on dit*—among other items of interest which jostled each other in these splendid rooms. They use to say that house was haunted, by the way, one of many legends circulated on its behalf.

The fashion-plate of 1829 which I reproduce, very appropriately at the time of the launching of the Dunlop Tyre Company, Limited, needs no comment—

Oh, Fashion is a fickle jade,
Who constantly burlesques a maid!
One day she flirts
With clinging skirts—
To-morrow crinolated.
But nothing's new, for you'll perceive
That long ago my lady's sleeve
Was made to be inflated.

And this was long before the like
Of knickerbockers, shirt, and "bike"
Began to vex
The gentler sex—
Who've always been erratic.
Our grandmas, as it now transpires,
Anticipated Dunlop tyres
By making sleeves pneumatic.

It's strange to think, and yet it's true
(For toilet-tricks are far from few),
That when of old
A lady told
Her maid to titivate her,
The damsel had to go and blow
Her haughty mistress up—although
'T was only to inflate her.

To-day the sleeve of 'twenty-nine
Adorns our ladies superfine;
They paraphrase
Their mothers' ways—
Once superannuated.
And, not content with puffed-up sleeve,
They scour the land from morn till eve,
On rubber wheels inflated.

Here is the photograph of the dugong which was captured near Aden a few weeks ago. The principal difference between the dugong and the manatee is in the shape of the tail and hands. The infant was found inside the mother when she was cut open for stuffing purposes. The principal dimensions are: Mother, length, 8 ft.; greatest breadth,



DUGONG CAPTURED AT LITTLE ADEN.

Photo by F. E. Percy Haigh, R.N.

1 ft. 10 in.; longest finger, 7 in.; breadth of head, 10 in.; length of head, 12 in.; greatest breadth of tail, 2 ft. 9 in. Child, length, 2 ft. 6 in.; greatest breadth, 6 in.; greatest breadth of tail, 10 in. When in water the animal has a whitish appearance, and the shape of the head and hand are considered to have much to do with the old idea of mermaids.

A new book by the author of "Life at the 'Zoo,'" entitled "Animals at Work and Play," is now in the press (Seeley and Co.). In it Mr. Cornish deals with the art of making the best of life as understood by animals. The book will be illustrated by Mrs. Cornish, and by Japanese drawings.



A DUNLOP TYRE DAME OF 1829.

From a Caricature of the Period.

The concerts given by the Handel Society are as much social functions as musical events. That which attracted a crowded audience to St. James's Hall last Wednesday evening was no exception to this rule. The choir and orchestra achieved their best success in rendering, under the composer's conductorship, Mr. A. Somervell's work, "The Forsaken Merman." The soli were sung with admirable clearness and force by Mr. Francis Harford. Dr. C. H. H. Parry conducted a decidedly tame rendering of his setting of "The Glories of our Blood and State," although both blood and state were adequately represented in the choir by such a singer as the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., who stood among the tenors. The second part of the programme included Brahms' "Ave Maria" and Mendelssohn's "When Israel out of Egypt came." These were given with due effect under the bâton of Mr. J. S. Liddle.

That popular vocalist Madame Bertha Moore gave a most delightful concert last Thursday evening in Queen's Gate Hall. The programme began with a duet played by Miss Ethel Barns and Mr. Lindo, after which Mr. C. Copland sang of a young lady who was breaking her heart for him—which is not surprising if he sang as well to her. Then Miss Fay Davis recited, with extraordinary charm of voice and gesture, "The Briar Rose" and "The Quaker." Madame Bertha Moore was in beautiful voice, and the audience insisted on an encore after she had rendered two songs with that perfection which has made her famous. Two pianoforte solos preceded a new plantation song, given with all possible effect by Miss Decima Moore, another member of this exceptionally talented family. Miss Ethel Barns' violin solo showed how remarkably this young player has advanced; she is now in the front rank. Miss Muriel Jack next sang Denza's "May Morning" admirably, and, after another song contributed by Mr. Copland, the second part commenced. This consisted of a "musical proverb," "When one door shuts, another opens," and it was cleverly interpreted by Madame Moore, Miss Decima Moore, Mr. Arthur Appleby, and Mr. Charles Rose. The author, Mr. Thomas, and Miss Young, the composer of the music, could not have desired more delightful representatives of the four characters.

On the same evening the third sister Moore, Miss Eva to wit, figured in the hundredth performance of "Jedbury Junior" at Terry's, and looked as pretty as her picture which I reproduce on the opposite page. "Jedbury Junior" is a charming piece of its kind, though I am not sure that I know what its kind exactly is or can define its particular charm. There is just enough story to carry you on from point to point without any mental effort, and its bubbling humour never jars on your nerves or upsets your taste. Now there has been such a distinct influx of the disagreeable lately—just think of "The New Baby," "A Night Out," "The Matchmaker," and, to some extent, "The Mother of Three"—that the success of "Jedbury Junior" is useful as proving that vulgarity is no inherent part of a stage success. The only change in the cast is that Miss Cicely Richards replaces Miss Elsie Chester as Mrs. Glibb.

Miss Amy Knott is one of the best pupils of Mr. John Tiller's well-known theatrical school in Manchester. She has been with him since she was a little girl, and is now one of the best "principal boys" on the stage. She lately made a very big success as the Prince in "Cinderella," with Mr. J. Elliston's Pantomime Company, at Huddersfield, Halifax, and Burnley. She has now gone with the well-known Tiller Troupe to Oscar Hammerstein's New Olympia, New York, where she has made an enormous hit as serio singer and solo dancer.



MISS AMY KNOTT.

Photo by Brinkley and Stevenson, Glasgow.

Mr. W. T. Lovell, the young hero, Mr. Lambert, in "The Rogue's Comedy," at the Garrick, made his first appearance at the St. James's Theatre in April 1884, when he was entrusted with a small part in "The Ironmaster," remaining under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal for some two years. Then he joined Mr. T. W. Robertson's "Caste" Company, to play juvenile leads in the repertoire, and two years later, in 1888, he went to America for a season, to play second juveniles in the old comedies given by Wallack's company, after which he rejoined Mr. Robertson's company for "Coward Conscience" and "Sweet Lavender." In October '91 he returned to London to create the rôle of Lord Lurgashall in "The Times," after which he again "went on the road," to play in "On 'Change." In June '92 he was seen at the Strand, and, later on, in the production of "Agatha Tylden," at the Haymarket, when he was the Lord Cyprian, returning to Terry's to be the Claude Vereker in "Uncle Mike," also playing in "Kerry" and "Flight." In March '93 he went to the Opéra Comique for "Man and Woman," playing Edward Seabury, and he was the original Reginald Ffolliott in "Gudgeons." He was Julian Chandler in Mr. Willard's revival of "The Middleman" at the Comedy in '94, after which he went to the States as a member of Mrs. Langtry's company, and, on his return, went to the Comedy for the production of "The Prude's Progress," from whence he rejoined Mr. Willard, and has done some excellent and very useful work in the recent revivals and productions at the Garrick. Mr. Lovell has also been well to the fore at many matinées, taking part in "The Fair Equestrian," at the Trafalgar; in "Jealous of Honour," at the Garrick; in "Time Will Tell," at the Trafalgar; in "The Younger Son," at the Gaiety; in "Fireworks," at the Vaudeville; in "In Strict Confidence," at the Comedy; and he was the Hon. John Massareen in "Miss Rutland," at the Gaiety.



MR. W. T. LOVELL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Mr. Abud is arranging an autumn tour of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is to be a replica of the St. James's production. I presume, though, that Mr. George Alexander will also delight provincial audiences with the Anthony Hope-Edward Rose dramatic romance.

The *Boston Journal* has published a story of music-hall life by Miss Cissie Loftus, called "Tim's Ida." This little domestic drama, for such it really is, is not badly written, and there are some good touches in the descriptive passages.

Miss Le Thièrè, who is retiring from the profession to direct a training-school for actresses out Clapham way, had, thirty years ago, the distinction of figuring in the original cast of Boucicault's "Hunted Down" at the St. James's Theatre, together with Miss Herbert, who appeared as Mary Leigh, and Henry Irving, the Rawdon Scudamore. But the clever actress—who is, it seems, to have a "benefit" given to her—will be chiefly remembered as an interpreter of "old women" parts under the Bancroft régime at the old Prince of Wales's, and afterwards at the Haymarket. Miss Le Thièrè played the Marquise de St. Maur and Lady Shendryn in revivals of "Caste" and "Ours," one of her performances in the latter character being at the professional début of Mrs. Langtry as Blanche Haye, at the Haymarket, Jan. 19, 1882. She was also successful as the original Marquise de Rio-Zarès in "Diplomacy," on the production of Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson's fine adaptation of Sardou's "Dora," Prince of Wales's, Jan. 12, 1878.

While the pit and gallery sobbed and even the boxes were in tears over the sorrows of poor Jo at Drury Lane on Wednesday night, I found my own eyes dry through a curious little lapse on the part of clever Jennie Lee, which killed the realism for me without hope of resurrection. She wore a wedding-ring! Now, I know the objection which worthy wives have to taking off the magic circle, but, surely, superstition might be sacrificed for once in a way in the interest of Art! The little gleam of gold through the dirt of the pathetically grimy paw of the small street-Arab reminded me of a somewhat similar and more obtrusive slip in the make-up of Charles Warner when he was playing one of his powerfully pathetic parts—I forget for the moment which, but it was either in "Storm-beaten" or "The Last Chance." Be this as it may, he was portraying an unhappy wretch at positively the last gasp. Starved to skin and bone—a miracle of make-up in the case of so stalwart a hero of melodrama—gasping for breath, so weak and emaciated that he could scarce crawl, this victim of ill-luck yet had a splendid diamond ring on his finger, flashing a contradiction to his apparent misery. At the crucial moment, ere life quite flickered out, the hero appealed to heaven, in staccato fashion: "My God, if this fails, what shall I do?" or words to that effect, as the lawyers say. The answer came from the gods, swift and sharp: "Pawn yer ring, Chawlie!"



MISS EVA MOORE IN "JEDBURY JUNIOR," WHICH HAS CELEBRATED ITS CENTENARY
AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

The current issue of the *Windsor Magazine* interviews Mr. Crockett, but his colloquist fails to note his remarkable humour in certain directions. A medical friend of mine has been pointing out to me with great amusement an extraordinary case of surgical treatment reported by Mr. Crockett in "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills." Randolph Dowall met with an accident, it may be remembered, on the Black Garry; he was caught in a cleft, and a boulder fell upon his leg. "He heard the sharp grind of the bones that snap, and the life within him seemed to crack like a matchlock at the back of his ear." This, of course, is a case of fracture, and a shocking fracture it must have been, considering that "the foot swung loose and soft." Then Sir Uchtred came upon the scene with "some of his ancient skill as a leech. He took his brother's foot in both his hands, moving it from side to side." Then this marvellous leech "set his knee to the rock, and pulled." One would expect that the sufferer's foot came off altogether. Not so. "The joint shot back with the noise of a pistol snapping, and his brother gave a lamentable cry.

Would you have a bit of grim tragedy mingled with your gay comedy? Would you witness how the villain comes by his death in a just yet very painful manner? Then listen, librettists all, and to you I will unfold a ghastly tale that relates how a bad man came by his end in the bowels of yon ghostly Pyramids. He was a stout, oily Egyptian guide, and had lured a party of unsuspecting Americans into the pyramidal vaults with the idea of robbing them in the gloom, and then leaving them to their fate. But he himself, leading the way, lost his bearings, and presently the party found themselves in a passage which, as the tourists went forward, decreased both in height and width, until they were forced to crawl at full length along the damp floor. The fat guide, too frightened to think about pocket-picking, at last arrived at the exit. In attempting to squeeze through it, however, he stuck fast, and could neither advance nor recede. The situation of the whole party may be imagined—they were imprisoned in that passage by a human cork! Like demons they wrenched at the guide's legs, but to



IRIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BACON AND CO., LEEDS.

But the madman had set the limb." Of course, in this case, Mr. Crockett is describing the treatment of a dislocation, and not a fracture, which is a totally different thing. After this, nobody can doubt that Sir Uchtred was very mad indeed, and, in this detail, the taint seems to have spread to his biographer. If Mr. Crockett had only attended one of the ambulance classes in his dear Penicuik, he would never have been guilty of an atrocity of this kind. Why will a layman meddle with things he doesn't know anything about?

The gentlemen who are good enough to supply the "books" of musical comedies and comic operas have as yet, with the exception of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, shown no very striking originality in the choosing of their scenes. Now, why does not some travelled librettist set us down in Egypt, as Verdi in "Aida"? To Cairo flock Europeans, Americans—all sorts. A musical comedy having a corner of Cairo for, say, the place where the second act takes place, should cause a brisk demand for Cook's tourist tickets to Egypt's capital. The Khedive might be induced to finance such a "show."

no avail. It was impossible to move him. Then, at this dreadful and critical moment, one of the party proposed that they should *cut the guide out!* The wretched being, on hearing this horrible suggestion, contracted with agony at the idea of such a death, and managed, with a herculean output of strength, to force himself through the exit. But the effort broke his heart, and he was left behind, a corpse. Now, Mr. Owen Hall, what say you to that? There are plenty of full-bodied comedians who could play that villain to perfection, and would be only too glad of the chance.

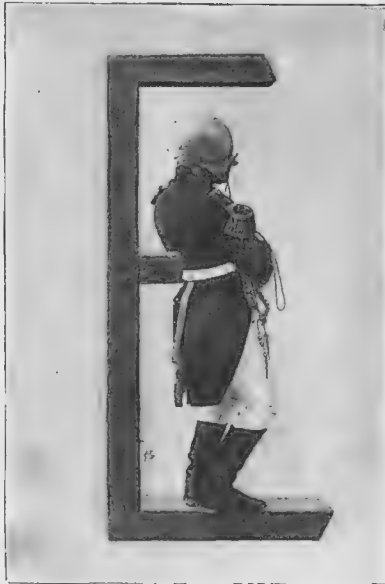
Mr. Frank Wheeler, the Auguste Pompier in "The Gay Parisienne," at the Duke of York's Theatre, has, I understand, just purchased a steam-launch, which will, doubtless, be seen frequently upon the Thames this season.

Colonel Sir John M. Burgoyne has bought from Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce the handsome yawl *Fozglove*. This is intended to take the place of the gallant Colonel's recently sold little cutter *Drina*.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"ONLY A WOMAN."

BY ALICE MATTHEWS.



ENTERED at last. It was a pretty detached house in one of the most fashionable parts of Kensington, and had been unlet for some months, when, one day, signs of life in it were apparent, and decorators and varnishers were busy at work. And it was rumoured that the house was being got ready for a lady who had just come from abroad, and who was reported to be very wealthy.

In due course Maple's vans, with costly furniture, arrived, and all was ready for the new tenant, who seemed in no hurry to take up her abode there.

At last, one evening, a hansom drove up, and out of it emerged a lady and a little boy. She looked a woman about thirty, and was clad in a black tailor-made gown, which set off her

finely moulded figure to perfection. Her rich brown hair was plainly dressed in coils at the back of her shapely head, to which fitted a becoming Princess bonnet. No veil covered her face, and, on looking closer, one could see that she had seen trouble, and silver threads were many among her luxuriant hair. She could not strictly be called pretty; her eyes, however, were a soft hazel, and lit up her face with a beauty difficult to describe, but which few could help being attracted by.

The child who accompanied her was about eight, had his mother's eyes, but looked delicate and fragile, as children reared in tropical climates often do.

She was a source of great interest and curiosity to her neighbours, who were much perplexed as to whether they should call. The male element answered in the affirmative, as they always do when there is a pretty woman in the case, but their better-halves were not so ready to stretch out the hand to one whom they said might prove a formidable rival to themselves, so decided to wait and see. Meanwhile Mrs. Marsden and her son, quite regardless of their neighbours, led their quiet, uneventful life. She generally drove to the Park, and there, under the dear old trees, would stroll with her boy, quite oblivious of the outer world. She seemed to live for the child alone, and while with him her face lost its sad look, and, being wreathed in smiles, was quite transformed.

The Vicar had called on her, and was quite charmed with her frank, simple manner, and a twenty-pound note for the children's holiday fund considerably added to the good impression she at first made on him. He offered to introduce her to some of the best families in the parish, but she declined, saying she had no wish for society at present.

They had been resident there about a year, when there was an addition to the household in the person of a young man, who had a military bearing and a handsome face. His reception by Mrs. Marsden was most affectionate. She went out to the gate to meet him, and they entered the house together.

"Hallo, Fanny, here I am! Have had a tiring day in those French trains, and shall be glad of something to eat."

"All right, my boy," replied Mrs. Marsden, fondly imprinting a kiss on his brow; "dinner will be ready as soon as you are; and now let me show you your room," and she led the way to a daintily furnished room, everything in it speaking of tender, loving forethought.

Her brother stands before a vase filled with lilies-of-the-valley, and says, "You have not forgotten my tastes—you always were too good a sister to me. But where is Hugh? I have not seen him—I hope he is stronger?"

"Oh, yes! he is quite strong now, and has such rosy cheeks; but you must judge for yourself when you come down. I must leave you now to get ready, or we shall have a cold dinner; you have only twenty minutes, and you never could hurry in the old days—perhaps you have improved since," and, with a merry laugh, she makes her exit.

Half an hour later she is in the drawing-room, awaiting her brother's advent. Very sweet she looks as she stands there in a black lace dress, with a few daffodils at her waist, and one or two nestling in her hair. Hugh stands beside her, watching the door with expectant eyes, when it opens and admits Frank Cavendish. He looks down lovingly into the boy's upturned face.

"How well he looks, and how he has grown! I quite forgot the flight of time, and have brought him some toys which I expect he is too big a man to have anything to do with, eh, Hugh?" and he stoops down and draws the child tenderly to him. The gong sounds, and the trio descend to dinner. It is a merry meal. Frank Cavendish, full of news of friends in India, rattles on; then, looking at his sister's restful face,

asks, "And do you like this quiet life, Fanny? You who used to be so fond of society, and shone so well in it, do you not miss it greatly—and your rides?"

"I have not ridden since I have been here," she replies; "but hope to do so now you are here to go with me; but I shall miss you so when your leave is up."

"Oh, you must not think of that yet awhile," interrupts her brother; "we have six months before us, and let us hope they will not pass too quickly."

"Only too quickly," rejoins Mrs. Marsden, with a sigh.

The next morning the three went for their ride in the Row. Her slim figure and easy seat, and her bright and animated face, attract many a glance. Hugh, too; his dark eyes full of enjoyment, contrasting well with his rosy cheeks, make him also an object of notice and interest. As his mother looks at him she feels a thrill of thankfulness to see her boy so strong and well again. Her brother looks at them both with pride. She has always been to him his ideal woman, and he wishes he could meet one like her to share his lot in the Far East.

Thus pass three happy months, when, one day, Frank Cavendish is thrown from his horse and brought home unconscious. The doctor is summoned, and pronounces his case serious, and fears concussion of the brain, and says that he must have perfect quiet and good nursing. He hints that a nurse should be engaged, for he fears it will be too much for Mrs. Marsden. She lifts her dark eyes, full of unshed tears, to his face, and says, "Oh, no! I must take care of him, as I have always done. He would not be happy with anyone else." Her look, so full of womanly tenderness, touches the doctor's heart, and he leaves the house with a kinder feeling in his heart for women than it has known for many a day; for Dr. Graves has had his romance, and it ended, leaving him a hard, stern man, where women were concerned. When yet unknown, he met Annette Aubrey. He fell a victim to a pretty face, as many a good man has done before, and imagined he had won a true and loyal heart. But she was vain and shallow, and, when a richer suitor appeared, she forgot her vow and married him. It was a blow to Dr. Graves, for love to him was a matter of vital importance. He was not one of those butterflies who sip the honey from every flower, but, his heart once given, he was steadfast and true. He took it much to heart, avoided women's society, and was reserved, almost taciturn.

This day, however, he could not forget Mrs. Marsden's face; it seemed to haunt him. "She is just the same—could be just as false, I dare say. I am a fool to give a second thought to her," he said to himself; but, in spite of his resolve, he found himself looking forward to his evening's visit with no little pleasure. There he found her, sitting at the head of her brother's bed, bathing his head, and looking, in spite of her protestations to the contrary, quite fagged out. "This will never do, Mrs. Marsden," said the doctor. "I shall have you on my hands next if this goes on. You must let me send a nurse, so that you can have some rest." His quiet, sympathetic manner soothes her, and she feels so tired and unstrung that, without any demur, she yields to his wishes.

Frank Cavendish still lies unconscious, but the doctor gives hope, and that is something, for "while there is life there is hope," the old adage says, and how many flagging spirits have these words buoyed up! In the afternoon the nurse arrives—a sweet, gentle-looking woman—and takes her post at the sick-bed, and Mrs. Marsden, worn out with anxiety and watching, is soon fast asleep. Nurse Clavering looks at the finely cut features of her patient, and something in his face strikes her as familiar, and carries her back unconsciously to the remembrance of a time in her life never to be forgotten. She was the daughter of an Indian colonel, and had been with her parents in India when that part of our dominions was convulsed by the Indian Mutiny. Both her parents were massacred at Cawnpore, as well as her younger brother and sister. She alone was rescued, through the faithfulness of an old servant, who took the child, and, staining her legs and arms and face with a vegetable dye, passed her off as her own child, and succeeded in reaching Government House, Calcutta, after many perils, where she made known to the authorities who the child really was. Amy Clavering, though only ten at the time, never forgot that dreadful crisis in her life, nor how much she owed the woman who risked her own life to save that of the child she had nursed. She was sent home with a lot of invalids in a troopship, and among the latter was a young ensign, who was too ill to move, and who was carried on deck each day to get the fresh sea-breeze. He was about twenty, and the child used to watch him, as children often do their elders, and used to do little acts of kindness for him, sometimes reading to him when the exertion was too much for him, and these two became fast friends. When he was carried off the ship at Portsmouth, the child felt she had lost her only friend. Her uncle came for her, and she had a kind and happy home; but she never forgot the young ensign, and often wondered if she should ever see him again. Hers was an imaginative nature, and she constituted him her ideal hero, and when, ten years later, she took to nursing as a vocation, she still remembered, and hoped eventually to go to India, and, perhaps, have her longing gratified.

Frank Cavendish was much altered since those days. Thirteen years had changed him more than they had changed her, but still the face was familiar, and she longed for him to open his eyes, to see if she could recognise who he was. She had watched by his bedside three days, and no sign of intelligence had been visible, when one afternoon he opened

his eyes and looked at her in a dazed way. "Fanny," he muttered, in low tones, "I have been ill, I think; has it been long?" and ere she could reply his eyes had closed, and he dozed again. Dr. Graves, on paying his visit in the evening, and hearing of it, gave great hopes of his ultimate permanent recovery. Day by day he continued to make good progress. He used to watch the nurse often when she thought he was asleep; her gentle ways and soft voice used to carry him back to the time he was ill in the troopship. She, on her part, fancied him like her ideal, but, as the young ensign's name was Slater, she knew she was mistaken, yet still the strong resemblance in face and manner drew her to him, and, when her services were no longer needed, she left the house with a heavy heart. Mrs. Marsden had got quite attached to her, and asked her to come and see them the first time she could get away. Amy Clavering went back to the hospital resolved to forget her handsome patient, and to think no more of a man who did not care for her. Had she but known how he missed her, how things seemed changed since her departure, and how even his sister's company could not fill the void, she would have allowed herself to think more kindly of him than she did.

Two months had passed, and Major Cavendish was busy making preparations for his return to India. He had not seen Amy Clavering again, and his affection for her had grown stronger for her seeming indifference, when one afternoon Mrs. Marsden came in, accompanied by her, and said, "I met Miss Clavering while I was out, and she has kindly promised to spend the afternoon and evening with us."

"It is good for sore eyes to see you again, Miss Clavering," says Frank, coming forward, and taking her hand in his; "you have quite shunned us; we could not think what our crime had been; perhaps you will now enlighten us, so we do not offend again."

She lifts her dark-grey eyes to his face, but has soon to drop them before his earnest gaze. That look has set her heart fluttering, and he, too, has read in the flushed cheek and drooping eyelids her secret.

They go to the theatre, and as he drives her home he exacts a promise from her to come to them for a few days, and returns home with a lighter heart than he has carried for many a day.

It is a lovely morning. Mrs. Marsden and Hugh have had their canter, and are giving their horses "a breathing." The boy is chatting away about his studies and playmates, to all of which his mother is a most attentive listener, when a gentleman rides up. He is a perfect specimen of manhood, and sits his horse as only an English gentleman can.

"Good morning, Mrs. Marsden. There is no necessity to ask how you are, for you both look only too well. May I join you in your ride?"

"Oh, certainly," she replies, as a faint blush suffuses her cheek. "And here comes Frank to meet us," as Major Cavendish joins them.

"How are you, Graves? Lovely morning, is it not?"

"Yes, very," replies the Doctor. "Glad to see you looking all right again, Cavendish. But why have you not been to see me? I have been expecting to see you every evening as you promised, but I suppose you are very busy with preparations for your departure?"

"Yes, rather, but I will look you up soon now."

Hugh sidles up to his uncle, and soon engrosses all his attention, and Dr. Graves and Mrs. Marsden fall in the rear.

"Should you like to return to India, Mrs. Marsden?" asks Dr. Graves.

"I think not," she replies. "I must not leave my boy, though I must say I prefer life in India. One sees so much of want and misery at home, which one is powerless to relieve, that it has a most depressing effect on me, and I at times feel that I ought not to enjoy my life as I do, when so many have not the necessities of life."

"That is a right and proper feeling, and yet one calculated to do much harm if carried to too great an extent. Had we the poor not always with us, there would be nothing to arouse in us the feelings of charity, benevolence, and self-denial. We cannot understand why it is permitted, but, if each one of us did as much as I know you do, Mrs. Marsden, the world would be very different."

"How do you know what I do?" she asks in some surprise. "I do not feel I do half what I should."

"I know, because I have seen. My profession brings me in contact with suffering among all classes, and I only this morning saw a poor woman who told me all you had done for her delicate boy."

"You mean Mrs. French, Dr. Graves? I fear she will not have her boy much longer. Just think how desolate she will be without him, and how the little man suffers! I feel I do not do half enough. It must be dreadful to lose one's child—and an only one, too," and Mrs. Marsden's voice trembles, and her eyes instinctively follow her boy's figure as he rides ahead with his uncle. Dr. Graves notices the look, and says nothing. Her womanliness and motherly devotion, her truth and candour, during the last few months of their intercourse, have not been lost on him. He feels that magnetic influence that sympathetic souls exercise on one another, and is silent. "I think we had better canter up to Frank and Hugh," she says, and, suiting her action to her words, she starts her horse, and they all ride home together. Dr. Graves takes his leave, having promised to drop in to dinner. As he wends his homeward way, his mind is full of Mrs. Marsden. "She is a noble woman—one to make a good wife; but I cannot hope for such happiness. She will never marry again; she lives for her child alone." Thus he soliloquises, but has not much time for that, as he has to go his evening round; and, as he has many serious cases on hand, his attention is soon engrossed with them.

At eight he is ushered into Mrs. Marsden's drawing-room, and she comes forward, smiling, to greet him. "You are punctual, Dr. Graves.

As we knew you were very busy, we put the dinner back a quarter of an hour. But here you are." She looks so fresh and youthful in her simple grey dress, with a bunch of flowers at her throat—her only ornament.

"What lovely flowers!" Dr. Graves exclaims, as he nears a bowl filled with choice lilies-of-the-valley.

"Yes, are they not? And do not they smell sweet? They were sent me from the country this morning," and, going towards them, she culls one or two sprigs and a dainty bit of green, and offers them to him. "Shall I pin them in for you?" and, before he can reply, she has them in their proper place.

"It is awfully good of you; thank you so much. It is too bad to rob you of them, Mrs. Marsden."

"Of what has she robbed herself?" says a cheery voice, and Frank Cavendish enters the room, looking the personification of health and good-humour. "Come, Fanny, there's the gong"; and, without waiting for a reply to his question, Major Cavendish follows his sister and Dr. Graves into dinner. The well-served, choice repast is soon over, with pleasant chat and banter, and Dr. Graves, as his voice mingles with hers in the song they sing together after, quite forgets his past experience, and resolves that he will win her for his wife if possible. His tones have a softer ring to-night as he speaks to her, and his eyes that tender gaze which betrays strong emotion. Words can be controlled, and looks too, but not those sudden flashes which radiate the face and tell only too truly their own tale to a keen observer and a loving heart.

Dr. Graves has gone, and the brother and sister are alone in the smoking-room. Major Cavendish has taken in the position of affairs, and thinks it would be better for his sister to have such a man as Dr. Graves to stand between her and the hard world. She is, he thinks, too delicate a flower to fight life's battle alone, though she has ample means, and is thus spared the anxiety and worry which poverty entails; still, she would be better with a strong arm to guard and shield her, and, with this object in view, he asks her if she has ever thought of marrying again.

Her face flushes as she replies, "What makes you ask such a question?"

"Because I think it would be the best thing you could do," rejoins her brother. "You are not a woman to grapple with the world alone; your bringing-up and sensitive nature are against it, and Hugh would be better for a firmer hand to direct him. I should return to India with a light heart did I leave you in a good man's care."

"What notion is this you have taken about my not being able to take care of myself? Have I not done so well enough all these years? Wherein have I erred?" replies his sister, with heightened colour.

Her brother rises, comes over, and strokes her hair with a gentle, caressing touch. "You have always made me feel proud of you, Fanny, and it is because I know what a treasure you are, and how full of love and tenderness, that I feel you should not live thus alone."

"But I am not alone; I have Hugh, who is all in all to me," she hurriedly replies, for she feels it would be traitorous to her boy to allow any other love to intrude into her heart, where he is sole king, she fondly imagines; and yet she cannot disguise from herself the thought that, of late, another has held powerful sway there, and that his words and looks are fraught with a meaning which is very sweet, and which she would not alter if she could. So complex a thing is the human heart. Who can fathom its mysteries? Least of all its unhappy possessor when thus torn by conflicting emotions.

Perceiving her agitation, her brother says no more, but changes the subject by asking her when she expects Miss Clavering.

"On Monday, and she stays a fortnight. She is a dear girl, and, as you seem so anxious to dispose of me, I may, I think, safely turn the tables, and inquire why you do not ask her to go back with you?"

"For the simple reason that she does not care for me," he replies, "and I would not presume to ask her."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," says his sister, with a smile; "and now, as it is past midnight and I have had my revenge, I will say good-night," and, stooping down, she imprints a kiss on his forehead, and fervently adds, "God bless you, dear Frank, with a good wife."

Miss Clavering has been with Mrs. Marsden for a week; that she has enjoyed her stay is evident from her bright, vivacious face, as she looks out of the window on the pretty garden. Major Cavendish stands beside her, and he looks animated too.

"So you did not recognise me, Miss Clavering? I did not know I had changed so, yet ten years must make a difference in one."

"I thought I knew your face the first time I looked at you," she replies, "but your change of name led me astray, and I thought I was mistaken."

"Then you evidently did not hear of my uncle, Mr. Percy Cavendish, making me his heir on condition that I took his name. It has made me independent of the service, and placed me on my legs."

"But you are returning to India shortly, I thought?"

"Yes," he replies. "Don't you ever wish to go back to India again? You were too young to remember what took place when you were last there, were you not?"

"There are some things one never forgets," she says in low tones; "and, young as I was, I shudder now when I think of them, which I seldom do. Forgetfulness is the best thing under the circumstances."

"Then am I to go alone? Won't you think over my request?" he says, in low accents, as he draws nearer to her and looks into her face sadly.

She makes no reply, but the downcast eyes and tremulous lips betray her feelings only too plainly. She places her hand on his arm and



THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY AND HER DAUGHTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

raises her face to his; he reads his answer there. Soon she is folded in his arms, and sobs out her happiness on his breast, for this is the moment she has often thought of, and the realisation of her dreams is too much for her. Her nerves have been strained for months past; a nurse's life and work have told on her delicate frame. She, with true womanly instinct, feels that there is no happiness on earth like the love and regard of a good man, to share his home, to soothe his cares, and to be all in all to him. Earth has no higher bliss.

"I am so glad to hear the news, Amy, dear," says Mrs. Marsden, as she enters Miss Clavering's room a few hours later. "It has made me so happy, for I know what a dear little wife you will be to Frank." She sits beside her, and, putting her arm around her, kisses her lovingly, and, as she looks at the serious, grave face, yet withal so gentle and happy, she feels her brother has made a wise choice. "And when is it to be? Frank's leave is up in a month, so you have not much time."

"Oh, Frank will settle that," says Amy, blushing. "He thinks a fortnight hence will do, and, as I have not many friends, we should prefer a quiet wedding."

A busy fortnight is soon gone, and, when Miss Clavering's uncle arrived, he thought his niece could not have done better. He was glad for her sake, for, though he loved her dearly, her home with him had not been quite happy, for his daughter, who kept his house, never took to the lonely child; and, though nothing vexed him more than any slight to his favourite sister's child, he was, to a great extent, powerless to prevent many a wound to her sensitive nature, which she bore in silence; but felt none the less, and this influenced her decision to be a nurse, much against her uncle's wishes. It was a quiet wedding. The bride was given away by her uncle, General Hamilton. Dr. Graves was Major Cavendish's best man, and Mrs. Marsden and Hugh made up the bridal party.

The ceremony is over; the principal actors in it have gone. General Hamilton and Dr. Graves are in the garden (for it is a warm night) awaiting the sound of the dinner-gong and their hostess's appearance.

"Mrs. Marsden will miss her brother much; they seem very devoted to each other. I wonder such a charming woman has been allowed to remain a widow so long," says General Hamilton.

"Yes, she is very devoted to her brother," replies Dr. Graves shortly, ignoring the latter part of the General's speech. It irritates him to hear anyone discussing *her* thus. Just then the gong sounds, and they adjourn to the dining-room, where Mrs. Marsden awaits them.

"I must apologise for being such a bad hostess," she says; "but I thought you two would be such nice company for each other, so, as I was rather tired, I indulged myself. I am sure you will forgive me, won't you?" She turns to General Hamilton. She says it with an arch smile, and the old man, with native courtesy, replies—

"The heart would be hard indeed that refused anything to so fair a suppliant."

Dr. Graves says nothing; he cannot bear that any man should be so favoured by her but himself. The meal is over, and her guests have left, and Mrs. Marsden sits in her room alone, in deep thought. Her brother has always been an object of interest in her life, more exclusively so since she became a widow, and, glad though she is of his happiness, still she feels a trifle sad to think she has, as it were, passed out of his life, and her place has been taken by another. Her thoughts travel to her boy, and she thinks in another ten years he too will find someone who will be all in all to him, and she will have to withdraw from an active interest in his life too. She, who has always been loved and had someone to love, feels particularly lonely to-night. In her mind's eye she sees herself the child again, loved, petted, spoiled by a too indulgent mother; then, as years go on, the wife of a noble, generous man; then, after ten years of happy married life, death claimed her protector, and she, inexperienced in the world and its ways, was left as a ship without a rudder to guide herself. Yet she was spared a deal which many as delicately nurtured have to face, for she was sheltered by the power of wealth. Her boy, she had him to live for, and to him she devoted her life, and never till to-night did she realise that the time was not far distant when he too would need her no longer. Then her brother's suggestion that she should marry again flashed through her mind. Would it be better, she thinks, to forget those ten years of happiness, as if they had never been; to put another in *his* place, who had once been everything to her? She opened the locket on her bosom and gazed on those loved features, and murmured, "I could not do it." But simultaneously another face passes before her—one quite as noble and true, she feels; one, she knows by intuition, who loves her well, and who would be a true father to her boy. She yearns for sympathy, for loving counsel, for one heart all her own to whom she may never turn in vain, and who will love her in spite of all her faults; and she feels that to him her heart has gone out, while she none the less reveres the memory of the dead. Torn with conflicting emotions, she notices not the flight of time, and, on looking at her watch, finds it is long past midnight. She goes to bed, but little sleep visits her, and when morning dawns she feels worn out and troubled.

Dr. Graves has passed a restless night too, but has made up his mind that he will know his fate before another day has passed, and, with that object in view, he winds his way to Mrs. Marsden's hospitable door. He finds the drawing-room empty, but evidences of her having but recently quitted it are apparent—the bit of dainty embroidery has evidently just been put down; the piano is open, and music lies scattered about in pretty confusion. He stands and looks at her portrait, an oil-painting just taken, when she enters.

"Good afternoon," she says in a cheery voice; "what do you think of that?"—looking up at the picture, while she holds out her hand to him.

He takes the outstretched hand, and replies, "I think it very good."

Her face is pale, and bears traces of anxiety and care; her eyes show only too plainly the sleepless night she has had.

"I hope you are not ill, Mrs. Marsden," he continues, still detaining the trembling hand; "you do not look yourself; the excitement of yesterday has been too much for you. Sit down, let me attend to you first, and we will settle the merits of the picture after. This life is not the kind you should lead; you should go out more, and try and forget the sad past, and live in the present. You have life yet virtually before you; your brother has set you a good example, and you might do worse than follow it."

He tries to be calm and composed, and to disguise his feelings by a professional manner; but his voice is full of feeling, and his hand closes firmly over the little one that still lies in his. He looks earnestly at her, and, as she instinctively looks up, she sees sufficient to make her heart flutter as it has not done for years.

"I came here to-day with a purpose, a purpose I do not think you are ignorant of—do not you know what it is?"

Her face flushes, but she makes no reply.

"Have I any hope," he continues, "that you will give me the right to guard and shield you, to make your happiness my object in life, and to be a true father to your boy? I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and that love has grown to be the motive-power of my life. Do speak, and tell me that I do not love in vain, and that you will permit me to help you to forget the past."

She looks up at him; she sees such sympathy and tenderness in his face that her heart fails her, and she cannot say the words which will destroy all their happiness—and still is silent.

"Fanny" (it is the first time he has ever called her so), "will you not say you will be mine, will you not repay my silent devotion by one word of hope? You must have read my secret—I thought at times you did, for your eyes have had a softer light in them of late which brought hope and joy to my heart. Speak, dearest, and tell me I am not mistaken."

She rises; her face is radiant with a new resolve. She stretches out her hands to him and murmurs, "Take me; I am yours. I love you."

He takes her two hands, and draws her to him, and kisses her blushing face, and says, "You love me, my darling. I care not for aught else; it is enough."

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

VIII.—BATTERSEA.

The 'Ome for Dawgs at Battersea—
Langwidge? Well, jest you trust to me
To let yer 'ave a sample!
Straight! It's a nashurnal disgrace,
And, sir, if you was in *my* place,
You'd foller my example.
Dawg-stealer? 'Tain't a pretty name—
Dawg-fancier's much abaht the same—
As like as sand to sawder;
But now that County Council crew,
'Avin' no better work to do,
Sends aht a muzzlin' order.

The 'Ome, the 'Ome,
Will yer walk into the 'Ome?
Wot they calls the lethal chymber
Will not let yer once get aht of it;
The 'Ome, the 'Ome,
Wherever you may roam,
There is no place 'arf so cosy—
No, there's not the slightest daht of it.

Yus, blimy, 'ere's a circus—wot?
When every lidy's dawg 'as got
To wear a bloomin' muzzel,
Them little rats of terriers
Is treated jest like mangy curs—
It reelly is a puzzle.
And I, 'oo 've lived for forty years
By carin' for the little dears
Am fairly, squarely landed;
The thievin' blokes at Battersea
'Ave been and gorn and done for me—
I calls it under'anded.

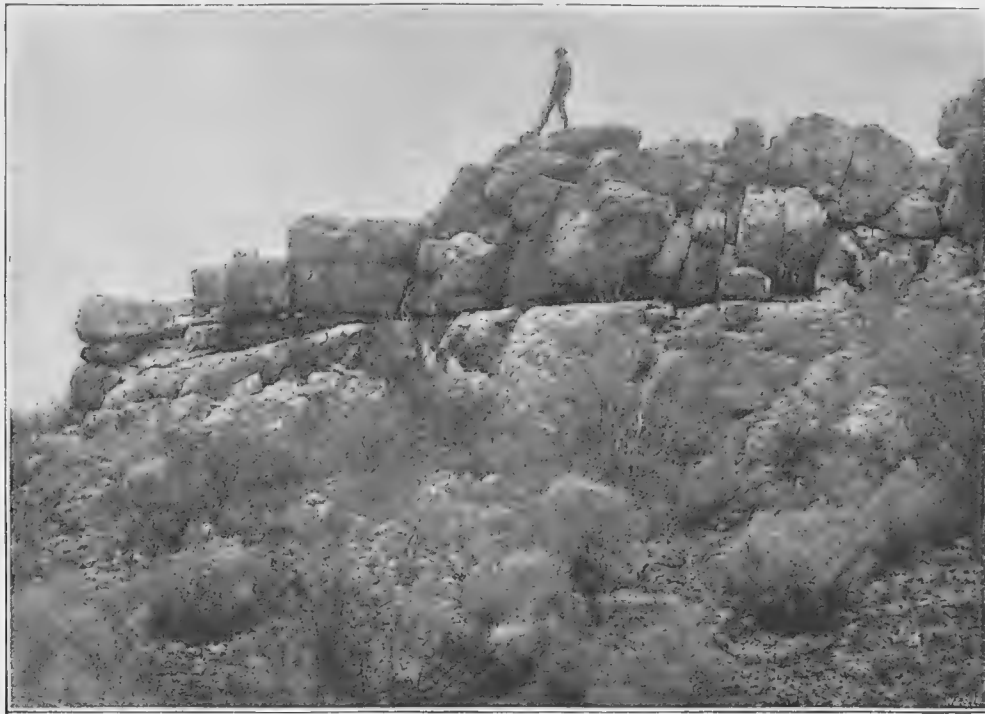
The 'Ome, the 'Ome,
Will yer walk into the 'Ome?
Wot they calls the lethal chymber
Will not let yer once get aht of it;
The 'Ome, the 'Ome,
Wherever you may roam,
There is no place 'arf so cosy—
No, there's not the slightest daht of it.

GILBERT BURGESS.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.

THE CALVERT SCIENTIFIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself," was the favourite maxim of Mr. Briggs, whose comical adventures, when illustrated by John Leech, delighted the world in many a number of *Punch*. Fortunately for Great



A QUARTZ OUTCROP IN THE INTERIOR.

Britain, one of the characteristics of her children is a belief in this maxim. Many "enterprises of great pith and moment," which in other countries would be left to the Government—and left alone—have been undertaken by the private citizen full of public spirit. Indeed, the vast expansion of this mighty Empire in a large measure is due to enterprises not only unaided by Government, but in many cases impeded by those in power.

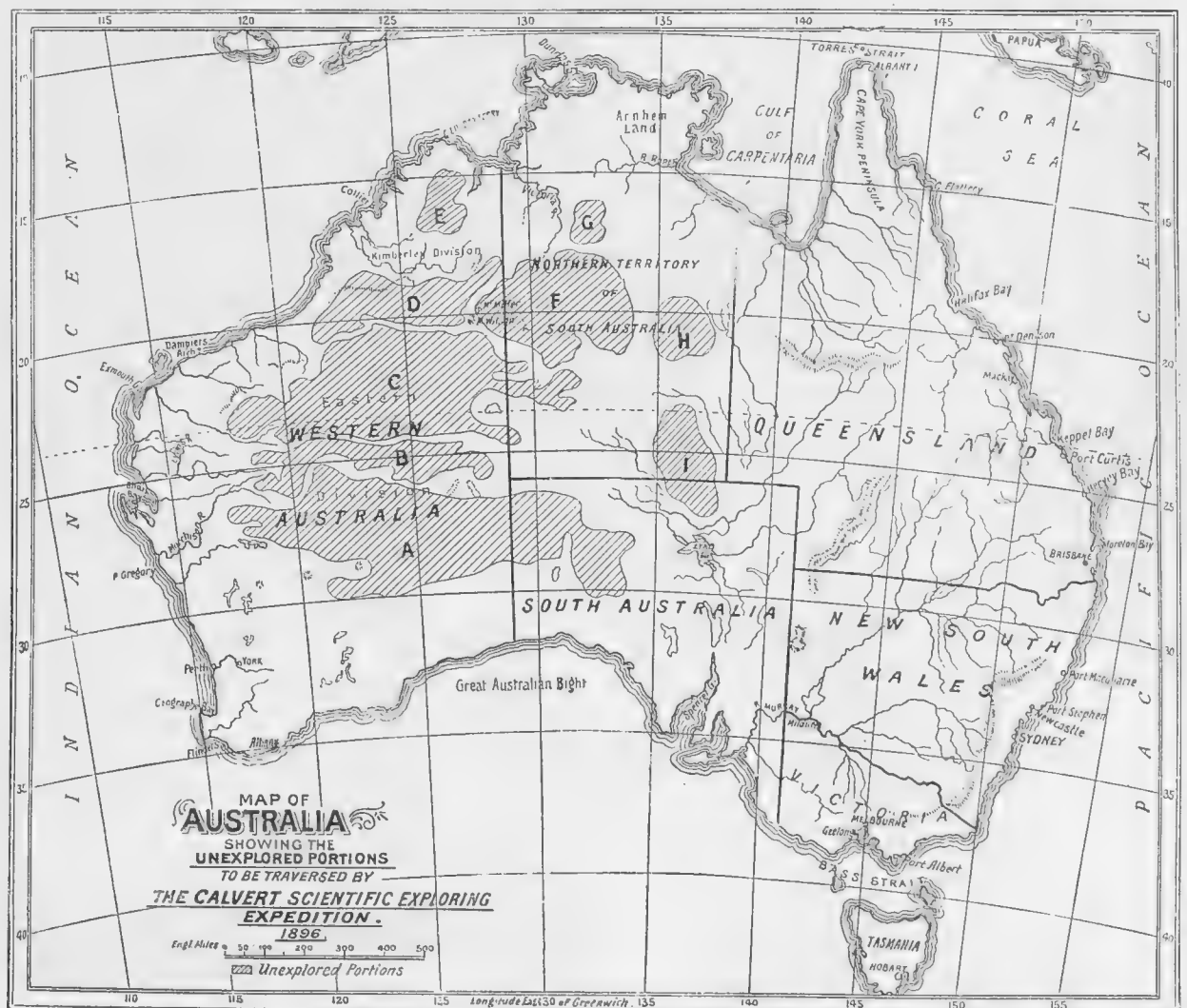
An interesting case in point is the important expedition that is now being organised for the exploration of large and difficult districts in Western and Central Australia. One would have thought that the Government of Western Australia, the colony that long lay in poverty and obscurity simply because its enormous mineral treasures were undiscovered, would have eagerly undertaken any exploring expedition suggested by men who have proved the value of their opinion. However, *experientia docet* is of little truth, save when applied to individuals. The object of the new expedition really is to complete the task vainly attempted in 1891 by the Elder Expedition, and traverse the unexplored, unmapped spaces of Australia, studying, of course, the land from every point of view, so as to render the result valuable commercially as well as scientifically.

The map that I give will show what parts of the once New Holland are to be dealt with—the blank spaces being the unexplored districts. In area they amount to 280,000 miles. Figures such as these tell little to most people, so, to express myself more graphically, I will say that the area of the land to be explored is rather more than five and a-half times greater than that of England! The map was prepared for the ill-fated Elder Expedition, and shows the "unexplored" and

"unmapped" spaces of Australia. Spaces A and I may now be accounted as "mapped," while B, C, D, F, G, H remain practically unexplored, and it is hoped that the expedition will be able to fill up all the important information respecting natural features, flora, fauna, climate, &c., in the course of fifteen months. It is generally recognised that space C is the part round which the interest chiefly centres, geographically, because of the probable existence of a string of salt lakes stretching away to the north-west of Lake Macdonald, and the possibility of a high range of hills being found in the north-east district. It is also hoped that the expedition will benefit Australia commercially, by forming a stock route and opening up communication between the northern territory of South Australia and North-West Queensland and the goldfields in the south-west of Western Australia.

Naturally the question will be asked, Who is the moving spirit of the expedition? The answer contains a name that has a foremost place in the history of Western Australia—Mr. Albert F. Calvert. Ever since the failure of the unfortunate Elder Expedition, the history of which is so well known that it is needless to speak of it here, Mr. Calvert, recognising the value of its objects, has had it in his mind to make another and a successful attempt to carry out the unaccomplished work. His ideas took definite form during his last visit to Western Australia, and Mr. Calvert offered to pay all the expenses of an expedition, leaving the control and management to the Government. However, the Ministry were not equal to the occasion, and pleaded that they had "other lions to comb." This, in my opinion, was really fortunate, since I have very little belief in Government expeditions.

Mr. Calvert is not the man to be baulked by the timidity, indolence, or stupidity of a Government. It happened that he, like the Ministry, had "other fish to fry," and could not give the time himself to organising and then conducting an expedition whose labours are to last a year and a quarter. Otherwise Mr. Calvert, who has already made three valuable, profitable Australia-exploring expeditions, and has even circumnavigated the continent, would have found in himself the very man for the task. He went to Adelaide, and submitted his ideas to the South Australian Council of the Royal Geographical Society, and they naturally welcomed it warmly. Before returning to England, Mr. Calvert appointed Mr. L. A. Wells leader of the expedition; but, save in making this appointment, and stipulating generally that the exploration is to be on



the lines issued to the Elder Scientific Exploring Expedition, Mr. Calvert has given the Council a free hand, and used a free hand himself in providing funds.

Mr. L. A. Wells was chosen not only because he is a trained surveyor and capital bushman, but also on account of the fact that he was second in command of the Elder Expedition, and consequently has a peculiar knowledge of all the elements of the case, and is well acquainted with the dangers and difficulties, for Australian exploring is no

from Flanders which became Anglicised early in English history, and was notably represented in the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion.

His first expedition, no doubt, had its chances of success fearfully discounted by the fact that the camels which were promised could not be obtained. Now the camel is the backbone of exploration in districts where surface-water is rare and edible vegetation scanty. Possibly, aided by the "ships of the desert," Leichhardt, the explorer, who attacked the northern regions and came home no more, would not have been lost. It is believed and hoped that in the present expedition traces of Leichhardt may be found. It seems strange that in the fantastic fauna of the land of the kangaroo, the platypus, ornithorhynchus, the spinifex parakeet (discovered by Mr. Calvert), the emu, and black swan—of course, I am speaking of the whole continent, and not this particular colony—a creature such as the camel or dromedary, best fitted of all for life, should not be found indigenous; but, then, one knows that, putting aside a few doubtful cases, the huge island has not of her own any of the mammifera save the curious marsupial family. The introduction of the camel has been a most important step—almost as important, though in a very different way, as that of the devastating rabbit.

The fitting-out of the expedition is by no means the only service rendered to "Westralia" by Mr. Calvert, for the collection of books that he has written on the colony, and the newspaper he has founded in England in the interests of West Australia, have done much to draw the attention of English capitalists not merely to the extraordinary mineral wealth of the land, but also to its splendid undeveloped treasures in timber, wines, and fruit. It is almost needless to speak of his historical labours, for his very handsome volume, "The Discovery of Australia," has already made its mark, and no less a success has been earned by the companion work, "The Exploration of Australia."

These works, like "Western Australia: its History and Progress," prove how sincere is Mr. Calvert's wish to benefit the land which, one may say, he has adopted. For in them is a wealth of illustration,

together with excellent typography, binding, and paper. "The Discovery of Australia" has its humours, for in it are reproductions of old charts so fantastic, so absurd in error, that they cause even the layman to smile, and yet even their errors are instructive, since they help to elucidate difficult points, and tend to settle the question as to the identity of the true discoverer of "New Holland."

A few words as to the constitution of the expedition will show how magnificently Mr. Calvert has carried out his idea. Mr. Wells will have a second in command, a practical scientist and assistant, a photographer, the very necessary cook, and a staff of bushmen and camel-drivers; of course, a collection of camels, and a complete outfit of scientific instruments. The Royal Geographical Society's Council will receive, check, and send on to London all the records, charts, maps, and other data of the expedition, the result of which, it may well be believed, will be to complete the map of the continent, and give "The Calvert Scientific Exploring Expedition" an important name in the Australian record.—x.



A WATER-SUPPLY IN THE DESERT.

child's-play. The tale of Australian explorations is truly one of "such courage, patience, and unselfish endurance that a list of the early explorers is a list of heroes as great as any which adorn the pages of history. Indeed, it seems a waste of power for the novelist to rack his brain for scenes of imaginary horror, danger, and hairbreadth escapes when the truth lies open to him in the journals of the men who have actually lived through the scenes they tell of." I am quoting from a work by Mr. Calvert, called "Western Australia: its History and Progress"—a book full of maps, drawings, figures, and yet of great interest even to those who care little or nothing about "the Cinderella of the South."

Mr. Calvert himself could tell of the dangers and need for "courage, patience, and unselfish endurance," for he himself, between 1891 and 1896, has made four journeys into the interior of the desert regions of Australia. His earlier experiences in this district were none of the best; he has battled with willy-willies and been overtaken by the tropical floods. On one occasion he was left for dead on the track, and still more recently he suffered a sunstroke and was carried for ten days in a buggy back to the coast. On another he had to turn back after a brave fight against dust-storm, against the terrible prickly spinifex that carpets the desert with an obstacle almost as cruel as the caltrops which used to be strewn on the ground to impede cavalry, against swarms of irritating ants, and, worst of all, against lack of water. Someone wrote of it—

As it was, after holding on for precious days, which only made the return march more excruciating, the prospect of death from thirst stared them in the face. As far as the eye could reach there was only sand- and salt-plains covered by the eternal spinifex before them! Then the sense of responsibility for the lives the leader had in his keeping overweighed his ambition to persevere, and Mr. Calvert reluctantly gave the order to return. Subsequent experience convinced him that the sad command had not been given a day too soon for any of them to have returned at all. And so the little train slowly retraced its weary way from water-hole to water-hole, until the coast was gained, and one more bravely planned and gallantly conducted expedition was added to the roll of only partially successful ones.

This personal acquaintance with the desert has helped to make Mr. Calvert more deeply interested still in the exploration of Australia, in both its practical and theoretical sides. Some details of his own expeditions and his endeavours to forward the work are contained in an interesting book, "Leaves from the Calvert Papers," by Mr. Graham Hill, in which a striking sketch is given of the remarkable old family of the Calverts, or Van Cal Vert, a family



A WEST AUSTRALIAN ROAD.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



[Copyright Reserved by the Artist.]

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

The scheme afoot for the purchase of Lord Leighton's house for the nation may or may not come to anything; but it seems that, even if it does, the nation need not be too fervently congratulated, for it is very doubtful whether the money spent upon it would yield adequate results. At the last meeting of the enthusiasts who desire to accomplish this aim, one of the trustees told his hearers pretty bluntly that they must remember that money would still be needed for the maintenance of the house. The sum of £35,000 is that which is required for this purchase, and an additional £15,000 will also be needed to keep it in proper condition. Now it may be submitted that £50,000 is a sum which would effect much more good if utilised towards keeping up museums already in full swing than towards the foundation of a new museum to be their rival.

The easy retort is that nobody would dream of subscribing towards a sum of £50,000 to give away to existing museums, and that a great many people would undertake to subscribe towards honouring the memory of Lord Leighton. That is all very true; the point is that this particular project of honouring the late President's memory is so much less useful than it might be. Let there be a Leighton memorial fund, by all means, but let the money be applied to the most advantageous and useful purpose.

For example, Lord Leighton possessed some very valuable Corots which the world has been given to understand were very badly hung in his own house. A great deal of his pottery, too, precious tiles and what not, has a very high artistic value. These things let the nation, by all means, acquire; but let us not buy at the same time things for which we have no need, just for the fun of acquiring property that once belonged to Lord Leighton. As for the idea of purchasing the house, in order to present it to the Royal Academy, the thing is too absurd. If the Academy wants the place, let the Academy buy it; it is quite rich enough.

Propos of Lord Leighton, there has been some correspondence as to the precise whereabouts of that artist's beautiful "Study of a Lemon-Tree." Mr. Gleeson White has solved the difficulty by assuring the world that the sketch is safely housed, for the present at all events, in the Oxford University Picture Gallery. The right of ownership is, however, a little dubious, and the controversies in connection with that doubt may end in altering the destination of the work. The sketch was made at that most delightful of all places, Capri, and is signed "L." with the date '59.

There has been one very remarkable sale of pictures at Christie's within the last few days, which included the collections of the late Viscount Eversley, and the Haskett Smith and Thomas Bonar family portraits. A J. Hoppner, oddly enough, secured the highest price, of 1800 guineas, a portrait of Emma Laura Whitbread as a child; and the next highest price, of 1750 guineas, was obtained for a portrait of this Miss Whitbread's father, "Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P.," by Gainsborough. Following these, another Hoppner, a portrait of Miss Matilda Fielding, fetched £1550; Romney's portrait of Mrs. Anne Bonar and her daughter Agnes, 1500 guineas; the same painter's portrait of Jane, Viscountess Melville, 1200 guineas; Sir Joshua's portrait of Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, 1050 guineas; George Morland's "The Cherry-Sellers," 1000 guineas; Hoppner's portrait of Mrs. Robinson as Perdita, 900 guineas; and Sir Joshua's

portrait of Lady Louisa Conolly, 730 guineas. From all which it will be perceived that Hoppners are just now not undesirable properties.

A little collection of pictures by old Flemish, Dutch, and English artists, now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery in Pall Mall, makes one rejoice in the merits of our old English artists. For though Rembrandt and Vandyck be here, they do not eclipse either Cotman or Bonington. A sea-piece by Cotman, for example, with its beautiful distances and its lovely colouring of reds, golds, and blues, is a masterpiece of poetical vision and of delight in nature. Franz Hals and Terberg also hang here and incite one to new enthusiasms over old experiences.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti are exhibiting at the Hanover Gallery a very remarkable series of pictures by Otto Sinding, dealing with North Sea subjects. At first the effect is a little startling, a little bewildering; the colour seems surprising, even impossible. But, after some careful examination, you will come to find that Mr. Sinding's amazing sincerity, his conscientiousness, and his absolute, apparent truthfulness turn aside the first impression altogether. Then these pictures will begin to grow upon you; despite their gloomy qualities, you begin to like them, having feared at first that the artist was trading on these and on these alone. But there is a frankness of vision and a strength of brushwork in this work which cannot be passed over, and which make it an extremely attractive and interesting record of scenes no less interesting and attractive.

We reproduce some amongst a series of one hundred original Water-colour Drawings of Australian Wild-flowers by Mrs. F. C. Rowan, now exhibiting at the Dowdeswell Galleries. Many of the subjects have never before been painted, and we learn incidentally that the artist took infinite pains in the acquisition of the various floral specimens. Mrs. Rowan is a very elegant draughtswoman, with an extraordinary appreciation of fine and beautiful detail. Nearly all her drawings are most graceful in composition, line falling into line, leaf springing from stalk, blossom and bud all lying in admired and well-ordered confusion—which, after all, is the ideal method of flower-painting. The only objection we have is to the names of these wild-flowers; it is to us little short of extraordinary that Mrs. Rowan can be on terms of familiarity with a "Limnanthemum-exaltatum-utricularia-didotomo-labil-landra."

Those interested in the subject of process—and who

is not so interested?—should not fail to visit the results of a new process for the reproduction of paintings now on exhibition at Messrs. Fairburn and Co.'s galleries in Waterloo Place. There are thirteen reproductions of Old Masters—Vandyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, and others. It is not too much to say that they are marvellous in their fidelity; it is, in truth, the picture that you seem to see, and no servile reproduction at all—the veritable picture, in whatever present state of age or decay it may at present lie. Of the well-known portrait of himself by Rubens one critic has said—and, in saying, has not gone any too far—that "one has to look twice to convince oneself that it is not a painting, for nothing but the smooth surface betrays it." The nature of the process is, of course, the secret of the inventor; but, as the same critic adds, "it is obvious photography is the base of it."

Messrs. Cadbury, Jones, and Co. issue a fine engraving of "Veronica," after Mr. Davidson Knowles. Messrs. Marion and Co. publish a charming photogravure of the Princess of Wales and Prince Edward of York.



EPACRIS (NEW SOUTH WALES).



OTTELIA OVALIFOLIA (QUEENSLAND).



GREVILLEA (NEW SOUTH WALES).



HIBISCUS HIRSELI (WEST AUSTRALIA).

AUSTRALIAN WILD FLOWERS.—MRS. F. C. ROWAN.

Exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries.

The New Woman should certainly find a new grievance in the National Portrait Gallery, for the sterner sex are in an overwhelming majority. Why there should be such a "beggarly array" of representative Englishwomen one is at a loss to discover. Among royalties there is certainly a fine portrait of her Majesty, and a large picture of that historical bone of contention, Queen Caroline. In a small apartment, banished from their masculine rivals, are such literary ladies as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Adelaide Anne Procter, George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, Hannah More, and Mrs. Trimmer; while among them hangs a charming Lady Hamilton, by Romney, with a yearning expression in her lovely eyes. Perhaps she is regretting the number of stairs that divide her from her and England's hero, numerous portraits of whom are to be found in a far larger room. Two likenesses of Robert Browning hang one below the other (one by his friend Rudolf Lehmann, the other by Watts), not only dissimilar in treatment, but so unlike in appearance that a casual observer would hardly imagine they were presentments of the same individual. In the gallery at the top of the staircase hangs a remarkably excellent likeness of the late Sir George Scharf, for many years the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, whose death occurred so pathetically short a time before the new home was ready



EARLY SPRING CHICKENS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

for the collection to which he had devoted so much time, talent, and energy. The portrait is a speaking one, but why should the artist's name be withheld? Despite the strange internal arrangements of this imposing building, the public should be thankful for a home for their worthies in so splendidly central a position.



PEACE AND WAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK STUBBS, CLIFTON.

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

With the summer comes, sure as fate, the Earl's Court Exhibition. This year the great show promises to be quite as attractive, scenically, musically, and gastronomically, as it has been hitherto, if not more so. The India and Ceylon Exhibition of 1896 is simply an improved edition of that of 1895; all the old features are there, and there are many new ones. Everywhere the spectacular genius of Imre Kiralfy is evident. What that means London already knows.

The familiar Ducal Hall and Queen's Palace remain practically *in statu quo*, but the Rhemba and Parvati Gardens have been entirely remodelled, and, when elaborately illuminated at night, present a most picturesque appearance. An entirely novel feature in these gardens is the Belvedere Tower, which is to be surmounted by a huge lamp of four million candle-power.

Close to the Empress Theatre are the new Central Halls. In the theatre Mr. Imre Kiralfy's historical spectacle, "India," is performed twice daily. The pageant has been revised and reconstructed, and swings along with all the pomp and circumstance which we are accustomed to associate with these descriptive pieces. The most

panorama has already been exhibited in Munich and in Berlin, where it created, says the German Press, "a marvellous impression." Schoolmasters would be well advised to take their boys to see this fascinating reproduction. No amount of verbal description will so happily help them to realise what a Roman triumph was like, or how the city looked upon a holiday. From this glimpse of the greatest Empire of antiquity the visitor comes back with keener zest to the Oriental scenes of the greatest Empire of to-day. These are too numerous to note in detail; but a word is due to the Cingalese Devil Dancers, whose performance affords another of those remarkable peeps at the mysteries of the East with which the name of Haagenbeek is so closely associated. The other afternoon, before the opening of the Exhibition, I was favoured with a private view of these dusky orgiasts. Under the kind guidance of Mr. W. E. Chapman, I went behind the scenes to the little Cingalese Colony at Earl's Court, and was introduced to Mr. Haagenbeek, brother of Mr. Carl Haagenbeek, who told me something of the strange rites celebrated by the Devil Dancers. The art is hereditary, and the performers begin practising at the age of twelve. At home in Ceylon the dancers are in the employment of the Buddhist priests. Their ritual is weird and striking in the extreme: Habited in gorgeous costumes, they tread their sacred measures to the accompaniment of a wild, monotonous



DEVIL DANCERS AT THE INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.

pleasing of all the scenes is, perhaps, the representation of the Hindu Paradise; the most entertaining is undeniably the realistic embarkation of the troops at Portsmouth; while the most instructive is certainly the reproduction of her Majesty's proclamation at Delhi as Empress of India. For aid in the detail of this scene Mr. Kiralfy acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. Less romantic, but certainly not less realistic, are the scenes of the Indian and Ceylon city, where artificers of every craft sit in their open shops plying their trade with the slow, quiet patience of the Oriental. There is the potter; there, too, the smith, the carpenter, the turner, the lace-maker—in fact, all the varied life of the East. For quaint interest perhaps the turner bears the palm; and, despite his very primitive machinery, he turns out good and cleanly finished work that a Western tradesman would not be ashamed to own.

Passing into the further gardens, under the solemn shadow of the Great Wheel, and crossing the bridge, one reaches an exhibition of a very different kind—the truly magnificent panorama of ancient Rome, painted by Professors Bühlmann and Wagner, of Munich. The picture, of which brief mention has already been made in *The Sketch*, depicts the Eternal City as it appeared in the year 312 A.D., at the moment of the triumphal entry of Constantine after the overthrow of Maxentius. In colour and in drawing the work is a triumph of aerial and linear perspective, while the archæological knowledge displayed serves to make this exhibition one of the most valuable that London has seen. The

chant, "with woven paces and with waving hands." Every dance has its own set figure of mysterious symbolism, and each has its own prescribed chant. At Mr. Haagenbeek's bidding, one of the performers produced his "book of words," the familiar Oriental slips of papyrus, on which the songs were inscribed in the most beautiful Cingalese characters; and then, as the theatre was not available at the moment, the grave performer trod a stately measure in the open air for my special benefit.

His grace and precision constrained me to applaud heartily—I trust it was no sacrifice to do so. In the theatre, with scenic accessories, splendid costumes, a large company of performers, and the picturesque groups of native women and children, the spectacle is one that must delight and educate the spectator. We know so little of our Oriental fellow-subjects that these little glimpses Eastwards cannot be too highly estimated. The Devil Dancers of Ceylon practise their rites at the great annual festival known as the Pirrah-hirrah, the orgies lasting all night long. For obvious reasons, of course, the performances at Earl's Court must be briefer than that, but they are quite elaborate enough to give a perfect idea of this extraordinary form of incantation. The troupe, in all, numbers forty-three, including men, women, and children. One wee brown morsel (who figures among the picturesque accessories on the stage, not, of course, among the dancers as yet) is sure to win the public heart. His reverent little salaam to the Press amply entitles him to a line of print all to himself.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



It is a mistake for a young lady to walk out with her mother if there is a strong family likeness.
" Good heavens ! " says her young man, " will she be like *that* when she grows old ? "



TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY: A PAS SEUL BY THE BABY PENGUIN AT THE "ZOO."



FAIR DINER : I must say, Waiter, that the meats in this restaurant are very badly cooked, and tough.

WAITER : I'm very sorry, Miss, that we 'aven't given satisfaction ; but you must hadmit that we keeps the sharpest knives in London.



LADY : I'm seeking a housemaid ; I believe she advertises from this address.
COTTAGER : Yes, Mum ; it's my daughter. She'll be in presently ; she's out on her "bike."

BEAUTIFUL BEXHILL.

Midway 'twixt Hastings and Pevensey, on the borders of some of the loveliest rural scenery in Sussex, and at a point where the picturesque South Coast, although not hemmed in by cliffs, is at once bracing and sheltered, there has arisen, within the last few years, a watering-place which bids fair to play an important part in the social and hygienic history of the coming century. The background of the new and

last six years has been a standing bone of contention among the many London hostesses who eagerly compete for his services at fifty guineas a-night! As you stand on the velvet turf, your host points out the "eighteen-hole" golf links, just completed, and endowed by him with a forty-guinea challenge cup; the model cricket-ground, upon which he will do battle with the Australians in the last days of July; the handsome Kuisaal, to be opened on Whit-Monday; the Cantelupe Public Gardens, already ablaze with flowers; the comfortable Sackville and Marine Hotels;



THE PARADE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

prosperous town of Bexhill-on-Sea, which covers to-day the low-lying fields where their former owners, the Dukes of Dorset, used to shoot snipe and wildfowl, consists of a grassy knoll crowned with an old-world village (erstwhile the favourite resort of Sussex smugglers), a Norman church, a straggling street of quaint houses, shady lanes, and a venerable walnut-tree, under the spreading branches of which the Bishops of Chichester, the then owners of the stately Manor House close by, were wont to administer summary justice to their tenants and neighbours. Ten years ago their dwelling had become little more than a moss-grown ruin. It has now been restored to something more than its former prosperity, and is inhabited (during the spring and summer, at any rate) by Earl and Countess De La Warr, to whose untiring energy and enterprise new Bexhill mainly owes its present popularity and its chance of becoming, long before the twentieth century emerges from its teens, one of the best-known and most frequented pleasure-resorts in all England. However early in the morning you may call at the Manor House, Lord and Lady De La Warr will, in all probability, be found hard at work at two writing-tables in their cosy study, with the open sixteenth-century fireplace, and low, raftered ceiling. Lord De La Warr holds at least a dozen responsible offices in the county of Sussex, but, before you have talked to him for ten minutes, it is evident that the



A BREEZY DAY AT BEXHILL.

and the Sea-Front, with its row of lofty, red-tiled houses; and last, but not least, the three-quarter-mile cycle-track which Mr. Alfred Pellant, the energetic manager of the Simpson Lever-Chain, is laying out for the great International Cycling Tournament, which begins next August Bank Holiday. The view is one not easily to be forgotten, and the amount of ozone you inhale as you descend the broad street leading to the Parade makes you desirous of prolonging your sojourn in a place which seems to possess the power of giving its residents renewed health and vigour. Lord De La Warr has no notion of Bexhill becoming the trysting-place of the tripper, the resort of the *char-à-banc*, or the happy hunting-ground of 'Arry and 'Arriet. The Parade, Sea-Front, and Cantelupe Gardens are all his private property, and, in consequence, are managed under the supervision of his own police. While there you can listen to the music and enjoy the balmy southern breeze without those painful interruptions and drawbacks which have acquired the name of "seaside nuisances." Lord De La Warr's motto is "Thorough," and he will spare no expense to give Bexhill every advantage which money can procure. In the person of Mr. Daniel Mayer, who has wisely made his home at Bexhill, he has a most competent musical adviser. At Bexhill-on-Sea fishing, boating, cricket, tennis, and golf may be enjoyed to perfection, and Lord De La Warr, who is singularly up to date in the



THE EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF LINKS.

great object of his lifelong labour will be the well-being and development of the town he may almost claim the credit of having created. Rising from an Elizabethan chair half buried in plans, accounts, maps, and other documents, Lord De La Warr takes you out into the ideal English garden where some two thousand persons foregather twice a week in summer to listen, in the cool of the evening, to the high-class music of the band directed by the Viennese *virtuoso*, Herr Stanislas Wurm, who for the



HERR WURM'S BAND-STAND.

matter of "attractions," hopes, before the season is in full swing, to have given the Bexhillians one of the best cycle-tracks in the kingdom. The De La Warr trustees are overwhelmed with demands for "eligible sites," and every house built during the past winter is already occupied. It is satisfactory to note that success has not yet spoiled Bexhill, and that "moderate prices" are still obtainable at the Sackville and its sister hotels, the Marine and the Devonshire.

B.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S REVIEWS.*

I notice that Mr. Andrew Lang complains of the brevity of the articles in these delightful volumes. As a contributor to newspapers, Mr. Le Gallienne has suffered the yoke of the printer. He knows what it is to be cribbed and cabined within a little column, and to have even that threatened by a Dervish rush of barbaric foreign telegrams. I agree with Mr. Lang that almost the only serious fault to be found with the reviews which Mr. Le Gallienne has collected is that, by the inexorable conditions of journalism, they have been confined within too narrow limits. And yet this is the highest compliment we can pay them. How many reviewers could reasonably expect their reprinted book-notices to make their brother critics dissatisfied with the shortness of the articles after reading a couple of volumes? The keen pleasure which this reading has given me is by no means due to constant agreement with the writer. I take a passage at random, and find Mr. Le Gallienne discoursing on the great influence of women in the creation of literary reputations. What would Byron have been without that languishing, shuddering, feminine delight which he inspired in so many tender bosoms? That is very well; nobody "deniges of it." But when it comes to the part that women are supposed to have played in the resuscitation of Shakspeare after a century and a half of neglect, that is quite a different thing. "Women do often instinctively make valuable discoveries, or perhaps they rather canvass for them than make them. In that, at any rate, they are notoriously successful—they are credited with Shakspeare in the eighteenth century, and they have certainly done much for Browning and Mr. Meredith." I should say that the services of women to the repute of Browning and Meredith are very dubious; but what on earth have they ever done for Shakspeare? Mrs. Siddons did a good deal; but that is not what Mr. Le Gallienne means. What eighteenth century ladies went about canvassing for the divine William? Who stood on the hustings of society and cried "Vote for Shakspeare!" to the fashionable mob? It has always seemed to me that Shakspeare is beyond the pale of feminine sympathies. They shrink from the robustness of his fibre; they are unmoved by his tragedy; his humour puzzles them; and they are indignant at his treatment of "Kate the curst." How much have women written about Shakspeare? I remember some charming papers by Lady Martin on Shakspeare's female characters, and in every case she treated them as poetical abstractions, and not as creatures of flesh and blood. If you ignore the flesh and blood in Shakspeare, it is no use canvassing for him.

If I wanted to insist on a limitation of Mr. Le Gallienne's outlook, I should complain that his ardour for beauty in literature somewhat obscures his vision of life. He grows restive when he reads Mr. Hardy; he seems to feel like a man who has a handful of life flung in his face instead of having it delicately indicated by fastidious approaches, judicious veiling, and all the other appurtenances of beautiful treatment. In one of the quaint aphorisms which prefix his book, he suggests that literature without beauty is not literature at all. This strikes me as too great a refinement of the æsthetic sense. Prose fiction must be ultimately judged by its fidelity to human nature; and the unmasking of the byways and recesses of humanity in "Life's Little Ironies" is of more permanent interest than beauty of form. We are too apt to get into grooves, to say that phenomena which lie out of the beaten track are unreal, or, if real, too ugly for art. Life, as Mr. Le Gallienne is not unaware, is a much bigger affair than literature; and we cannot afford to shrink from excursions into the wilderness outside the blockhouses of civilisation because that kind of pioneering sometimes offends the canons of taste. Zola does not appeal to many of us; yet, if you put aside the needless dung-heaps, there are revelations of deep significance. A man who sees only the grim side of life is sure to exaggerate; but is he alone in his exaggeration? Mr. Le Gallienne has written nothing more excellent than his reply to Stevenson's repining at the writer's calling. Literature, said that great artist in a moment of physical depression, is essentially unmanly. He classed the literary man, "however ambitious, along with dancing-girls and billiard-markers." This is like Mr. Birrell's doctrine that the actor can have no self-respect because he shaves his face, and tries to appear

somebody else. True, there is always, to the literary artist, a temptation to histrionics. In Stevenson's case, much travail in the fictitious had led to an exaggerated depreciation of his office. He called it prostitution. To gain one's livelihood by pleasing others is to be no better than a "daughter of joy." You will scarcely find a grosser distortion of truth even in a French realist. Stevenson has given unbounded pleasure to all lovers of English letters; but who has ever thought of comparing him to a street-walker? He had a yearning for action now and then, and envied men who sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, and in other exhilarating places. But to say that the soldier has always a "worthier excitement than the writer" is to provoke a retort which Mr. Le Gallienne puts far better than I can. "The worthiness of the soldier's excitement depends a good deal on his conception of why he is fighting. The mere passion of fighting for fighting's sake, the mere lust of slaying 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy,' may be more manly than the splendid idealism, the enthusiasm of humanity, the brave battle with adverse fates, which has often given us the classics of literature; but, if it is—well, hurrah for petticoats!"

The aim of criticism is to keep all the elements of life in their proper places, not to exalt one unduly at the expense of another. Catholicity and discrimination are the cardinal virtues. I apologise for these truisms, and also for the introduction of another old friend—"the defect of his qualities." They are not always found together, and it is their occasional conjunction that gives not a little relish to Mr. Le Gallienne's pages. It has been said that he writes pleasantly round his subjects, as if that exercise were incompatible with the critical faculty. Certainly he is a born essayist, who never strangles a quaint fancy because it offers no immediate illumination to the matter in hand. But when the book-lover proceeds by unbending rule, he is in danger of becoming a pedant. Knowledge of books is of little avail if it is not humanised. We do not want to wonder that one small head should carry all the critic knows. In the first pantomime I ever saw, "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," the eggs came down from the flies in festoons—a much more poetical suggestion of wealth than the laborious travail of the bird. The essayist must shower his golden eggs in the same way, and not draw our attention to the learned process of hatching. My own pleasure in these "Retrospective Reviews" is that, apart from the charm of a prodigal fancy, there is excellent discourse of reason. If the point of view is not always one's own, it is invariably worthy of respect. The passion for books glows with a steady heat; but it is not an intemperate flame that seeks to destroy whatever seems meet for sacrifice on this particular altar. And if there be praises I cannot always echo of divinities who do

not command my obeisance, they are woven in a diction which is always musical, full of happy images, and with few of those pauses in which the weaver nods.

A.

"HANDY ANDY."

It comes on us as a surprise—not a disagreeable one—to find our old friend "Handy Andy" reintroduced to us by Mr. Charles Whibley. Of course, one knows Mr. Whibley's appreciation of the spirited and the audacious in life, but that this crude, inelegant, and rather puerile specimen of Irish early-Victorian wit should be stamped, in its reissue in Messrs. Macmillan's "Illustrated Standard Novels," with the approval of the fastidious Mr. Whibley, is unexpected. I don't think, however, that poor "Handy Andy" should be "introduced," commented on, apologised for, and let off. The truth about it is so obvious; and, to say that it is full of good-natured school-boy fun, that it is formless in manner and artificial in invention, is a discovery that the most unliterary may be left to make for themselves, while the wittiest critic cannot find anything new to say on the matter. Mr. Whibley, however, takes the opportunity of very fairly summing up the chief points in Lover's career. The talented writer has a good deal of influence over other young ambitious writers, some of them more imitative than he is himself. There is one note in his preface which he might sound again in their ears with advantage. You hear it in the sentence in which he speaks of "artist" as that "tiresome title." In the words let us hope we hear a sign of the times, the knell of a cant which has bored us a good deal since it has been spoken by the tongue of the second-rate.



MR. LE GALLIENNE.

Photo by Harold Baker, Birmingham.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

When in 1895 the cricket season opened with a blare of trumpets—that is to say, with magnificent weather, magnificent wickets, and magnificent scoring—it was confidently expressed on all sides that there never had been such a season, and that there never would be.

It is dangerous to prophesy in regard to such a remarkable game as cricket, and in such a record-breaking age as that in which we live. Cricketers had been worked up to such a state of enthusiasm by Mr. Stoddart's team's brilliant career "down under" that they were ready, in the excitement of the moment, to simply worship Dr. W. G. Grace in particular, and the beloved game in general.

It will be remembered that the grand old champion astonished the world by scoring no fewer than 1000 runs in the first month of the season. That was a record. It is still a record, but, if ever it was in danger, it is at this moment. The season of 1896 has opened, if anything, in even more sensational fashion than did that of 1895. To think that, within the first two or three days, the highest aggregate first-class total should have been beaten, and that, simultaneously, a player should have made a new record by scoring a century innings at his first three attempts, is sufficient to make one stop and ask oneself if visions are about.

Robert Abel is the player in question. To paint the lily would be mere waste compared with praising this marvellous little cricketer. Abel is in his thirty-seventh year. Nature at the outset handicapped him with a very small body, and a little while ago we were all trembling with fear that he would have to give up the game in consequence of weakened eyesight, caused, it is presumed, by the sudden change from Australian to English light. We may still regard Dr. Grace as the champion in the cricket world, but let it never be forgotten that Dr. Grace is a giant, a Goliath in strength, a man who was by Nature fashioned for a famous cricketer.

Abel, on the other hand, has had to build a style for himself. He is one of the smallest players on the cricket field. Thus far Fate dealt unkindly with him. But he was given, as a sort of

compensation, such a temperament as makes half the battle won in a game like cricket. His pose is simplicity personified. He stands as he would stand anywhere, and cricket comes as second nature to him. To say the least, Abel is not an aristocrat. He plays with science because it was born in him, not because it was acquired. As a rule, cricketers

are made, but, if ever there was an exception to the rule, here he stands, and there is very little of him.

Against Warwickshire, Abel hit up 138; against Leicestershire his share was 152, against Essex he was responsible for 231. It was in the compilation of this last-named mammoth score that the Midget displayed a trait that none had suspected him possessed of. When he had passed his first century, and had thus assured Surrey's safety, he let out in a style that would not have disgraced a Scott, a McDonnell, or a Hewett. It was curious to see Abel as a slogger, but it was even more inspiring. With the exception of Briggs, I have never seen a little man score so fast as Abel scored against Essex. He smashed out at every ball; he set the figures dancing on the scoring-board to a merry tune, and he kept the fielders for ever on the move. Had he played more for himself and less for his county, I doubt strongly whether he would ever have got out; but with his figures at 231, he was eventually caught and bowled from a stroke that he would never have attempted under ordinary conditions.

There is an implication conveyed in that last remark. It concerns Yorkshire. And yet I cannot find it in my heart to blame Yorkshire for wilfully throwing away their chance of easily beating Warwickshire. A championship point is, of course, a great thing, but to beat record is a greater. I am a strong patriot, and, though I hold the greatest admiration for Australian cricketers, I was not sorry, to say the least, that their 1893 record of 843, against the Past and Present of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, should have been beaten. Yorkshire scored 887, and no fewer than four members of the team ran into three figures, which is in itself a record. Yorkshire followed this up by registering 400 exactly against Somerset, so that the championship would seem to have resolved itself into a duel between the Southerners and the Tykes.



ROBERT ABEL.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

AQUATICS.

Quite a unique roller-boat has just been built at St. Denis. It consists of a deck floated on buoys of terrific size, these coming to a point in front, and keeping the deck something like six inches above water. This vessel is fitted with rollers on either side, made to revolve by steam-power. When set in motion, the boat will simply roll over the water, the advantage claimed being a minimum of friction.

To-morrow the New Thames Yacht Club hold their river matches, while the Royal Northern Yacht Club also have an opening cruise. The opening matches at Rothesay of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Scotland will likewise be decided, as well as the Solent classes of the Sea-View Yacht Club.

GOLF.

Who is to win the open championship? Herd, of Huddersfield, has twice defeated Taylor, the open champion, within a month, and, as Taylor himself says, he finds the old St. Andrews laddie his toughest opponent anywhere. Herd has been spoken of for the championship more than once, and his victory would be a very popular one.

FIXTURES.

- May 20—West Herts Club v. Finchley.
 " 20—Finchley Club v. Bushey.
 " 21—Southport Club—Ladies' Spring Meeting.
 " 23—Ranfurly—Captain's Prize, Final.
 " 23—Enfield—Bogey Competition, Kenilworth Cup.
 " 25—Southwold—Handicap (Medal).
 " 25—West Middlesex—Bogey Competition.
 " 25—Southport—Whit-Monday Handicap.
 " 26—Enfield Club—Ladies' Bogey Competition, Wyndcroft Prize.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Everything points to a big muster to see both the races for the Derby and Oaks this year, as the Prince of Wales hopes to win the Blue Riband of the Turf with Persimmon, and his Royal Highness is very likely to capture the ladies' race with Thais. It is wonderful to note the amount of interest taken abroad in our Derby this year, and I seldom take up an Indian, American, South African, or Australian paper that does not contain some reference to the coming contest, so it is evident our friends across the sea are anxious to read the latest about the horses engaged. If the royal colours are successful there will be rejoicing in sporting circles the world over. Further, the scene on Epsom Downs will simply beggar description.

Many of the leading houses down Ascot way have already been taken for the Race Week, and I expect the attendance on the course will be quite up to the average. The long spell of dry weather has stopped the growth of the herbage on the running-track, but there is time yet for matters to improve somewhat. It is passing strange that no seedsman can discover the exact plant that is wanted to make the going good on this track. I believe it would pay to cover the last half of the Hunt Cup course with good mould a foot thick, and then to sow some small clover. The grass should never be cut or grazed, but the ground ought to be well manured in the spring and autumn of each year.

The Whitsuntide Meeting at Manchester will, as usual, draw leviathan crowds to New Barns, and the racing should prove of the highest interest. We in the South of England are apt to overlook the claims of Manchester to being one of the best-managed meetings in the country. Liberality and enterprise have, up to now, paid the shareholders in the New Barns Company well. The Mancunians are a sport-loving people, and they will turn up in their thousands to see a game of football or a trotting match, and in their scores of thousands to witness the race for the Manchester Cup; but owners and trainers have no prejudices beyond those of their business, and in attracting good fields of high-class horses to New Barns, the managers of the meeting have evidently played their cards to the best advantage.

The acceptances for the Manchester Cup are not quite up to the average, but if all the horses that remain in go to the post the race will be a good one. It is a pity the Prince of Wales has withdrawn Florizel II., as I think the horse had a chance. Of those likely to start, Marco, Paris III., the Docker, and Moor have the best book form to commend them. As Lord Marcus Beresford is the manager of the Manchester Club, his brother Lord William may start Paris III. I think, however, the race will be won by the Docker, who originally ran in £100 Selling Plates, but of late has shown himself to be of good Handicap class. William P'Anson is dangerous with his horses in any race over a mile.

It is expected that the late Baron Hirsch's horses will fetch large sums when they come to be offered by auction, and I suppose the stud owned by the late Colonel North will be disposed of, although I believe the deceased's son intends to keep a few racehorses. It is somewhat remarkable that the charities should have benefited by Baron Hirsch's racing, while the ring were the greatest gainers by the many transactions of Colonel North, who was fond of a gamble. The Colonel delighted in running the whole fleet and backing the lot, while, as luck would have it, he generally plunged on the worst of the bunch. The public did not support the Colonel's horses kindly, as they could never find out which was the best; neither could the Colonel himself until after the race!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The second series of Mr. Leland's "Legends of Florence" (Nutt) is fully as entertaining as the first. The collection he has made is one of the most remarkable ever brought together, and if Mr. Leland had only written them out with the solemnity which the world thinks becoming, they would have a very wide and a very solid reputation. But he refuses to be solemn; he jokes incessantly, frivolously; his jokes are often atrociously bad, and often irritating. His frank admissions, too, that he has cooked a legend here and there, instead of giving folk-lore confidence in him, have just had the reverse effect. In the end, I am sure that justice will be done by students to the extraordinary lights the legends throw on Tuscan and Etruscan beliefs and modes of thought; but, in the meanwhile, to less serious persons the two books, and especially this newly published one, may be recommended for their excellent stories. Is Florence quite exceptional? one wants to know. Do the people of other towns make tales about, and adapt ancient legends to illustrate the character of, their old buildings, streets, and famous men, so at variance with grave history, so imaginative? Could a like collection be made for Venice or for Rome? I do not suggest for London. As Mr. Leland reminds us, "a strange proportion of the commonest *soldo*-reading of the [Italian] populace consists of classic, mediæval, or poetic themes, which would be as foreign to a London costermonger or 'Arriet as Newton's 'Principia.'" But, so far as Italy is concerned, is it only a Mr. Leland and an agent like Maddalena, that wonderful searcher after occult lore, that are wanted? Murray and Baedeker and the exact historians will seem dull, and even untruthful, to Florentine visitors who have tasted of these legends, who have heard what the Torre del Gallo, and the famous Ghiberti Gates, and the Venus di Medici, and the great scholar Pico di Mirandola, mean to the populace. Mr. Leland finally explodes the notion that Northerners have a richer fairy lore than has Italy. "The truth is, that the real fairy exists in Italy in a greater number of forms than in Great Britain."

In "The Master Craftsman" (Chatto) Sir Walter Besant has a subject to his heart's desire—or rather, four subjects. First, he has a bit of old London, Wapping, to describe, and he does it in a very lifelike and workmanlike fashion. Here the permanent value of the book comes in. To most dwellers in the West-End the name was a word out of an old song. Now it is a place with living people and interests in it, which they may even be tempted to visit. It is a place with a past, too, and the Wapping of 1804 is also described. Then Sir Walter's interest in handicrafts is well known; and here it is shown in his really loving description of a boatbuilding yard, in his respectful treatment of the trade, and in his making an elegant young West-End, whose extravagant father has left him penniless, take to the calling of his humble ancestors, and to life in Wapping. But his great-grandfather's business was in the hands of a distant cousin, who was formed by nature for a great political career. So they "swop" lots—in the end they even "swop" sweethearts, but in the most decorous fashion. And here comes in Sir Walter's third enjoyment. Nothing in the world interests him more than education, and the ambitious boatbuilder and future Prime Minister has to be taught many things—how to choose a tailor, to handle a dinner-napkin, to talk to ladies, and so on. We are spared none of this process, and only a very ill-natured reader would desire it. Then, fourthly, so that the romantic element be not left out, an ill-gotten treasure of precious stones, hidden away by the malicious great-grandfather to spite his relatives, turns up just at the right moment to help the future Prime Minister in his ambitious career and make him willing to propose to a rich and titled lady. To write a novel like "The Master Craftsman" must be to enjoy oneself. It fairly beams on its readers.

Dr. Jessopp has made an interesting study of religious mania in Simon Ryan the Peterite" (Unwin). It reads like a story founded on fact, with just a few fictitious circumstances set round about it. Were it all fiction, some of the incidents would, I think, have been more skilfully dealt with; but its very crudeness is impressive. Ryan's ruling passion was a hatred and scorn of the Apostle Paul, the perverter of the truth and of the Church, though he had minor ones strong enough to make the days of his wife a burden to her and to send his son to an early grave. In fact, the religion is more an accident in the mania than is generally to be found in such cases. Ryan is a hopeless madman, and it is a study in brain disease Dr. Jessopp has actually made. It might be all the less interesting, only it turns out otherwise; for, underneath his wild unreason, his melancholy tyranny, there is a nature so pathetically helpless, so suicidally affectionate, so foreordained to misfortune, that Simon continually touches and never revolts one. It may strike some other readers, as it struck me, that the queer Ryan household, living away from the world, amid shadows and unreal presences, might have been a fine subject for the Brontës' imagination.

In "Where the Atlantic Meets the Land" (Lane), by Mr. Caldwell Lipsett, there are some excellent sketches of life in Donegal. I know nothing of the author, and am not a good judge of Irish dialect. That may be all right here, but the tone of the book is English, not Irish; not that of a hasty English observer, rather one who has had a long experience of the country, with leisure to look and to listen, but who has, nevertheless, remained something of an outsider. "The Unforgiven Sin," a story of woman's dishonour judged in the fierce light of Irish peasant opinion, is an exceedingly strong bit of work, restrained, dignified, and imaginative, which the other stories, with all their appreciation of the picturesque, are not.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Truly the Liberal Party is a party of misfortune! One would have thought that the disaster of last July would have been enough for one year, involving, as it did, the practical ruin, for Parliamentary purposes, at all events, of the Opposition. But we are not at the end of our troubles. The horizon, from the political point of view, has unfortunately been darkened by the prospect of a rift in the Anglo-Irish Alliance. Relations for some time have been cooling, for the simple reason, among others, that each Party, relieved of the pressure of the Home Rule Bill, has been developing on its natural lines. The English Liberals met with a series of Measures which are directly contrary to their interests, and which especially arouse deep susceptibilities among the Nonconformists. The Measures to which I specially refer are the Education Bill and the Rating Bill. These two Bills are looked at by the Irishmen with entirely different eyes. The English Nonconformists see in the Education Bill an unsparing and perilous attack on the whole system of undenominational education. The Irish Catholic looks simply at the interests of his own school.

THE POLICY OF THE IRISHMEN.

I must say the Irishmen have not been at pains to diminish the breach. Most people think it would have been enough for individual members to record a vote in favour of the Second Reading of the Education Bill without coming to any Party decision on the matter. The Irish Parliamentary Party is organised for the single purpose of bringing about Home Rule for Ireland; it has no other avowed object, and it would not, indeed, be possible to command a strict Party discipline which insisted on every member obeying the voice of the majority if the energies of the Party were distributed over a great variety of subjects. It seems, therefore, to be a strange proceeding on the part of the Irishmen to come to a binding and formal vote on the matter of education. This is, however, what has happened, and the causes are not less serious than the fact itself. These are very largely the pressure of Cardinal Vaughan and English Catholic Bishops, and the knowledge that Mr. Healy, eager to snatch the support of the clerical party in Ireland, and Mr. Redmond, whose one object in life is to embarrass the Irish majority, were both determined to give the Education Bill all the support they could command. To this double, or triple, pressure, Mr. Dillon, himself a very fervent and devout Catholic, has yielded, in spite of the strong protest made by Mr. Davitt and one or two other more far-seeing of the Irish members. The immediate results in the mind of the English Liberals have been even more serious than one would have imagined. The Education Bill has been carried by the enormous, the unprecedented, the crushing majority of 267, and this is due entirely to the complete turn-round of the Irish members. Strong language has already been used, both in public and private, on the Liberal side. The Liberal papers are full of letters threatening the ending of the Irish Liberal Alliance, and already it is proclaimed that Home Rule can no longer be the first question of the Liberal Party.

THE RATING BILL.

However, the difficulties do not end here. I have described the attitude of the Irish towards the Education Bill; not less difficult, from the Liberal point of view, is the way in which they look at the Rating Bill. If something can be got from this measure for the relief of Irish poverty, I fancy that the Irish will have small difficulty in accepting. Certainly, they do not show any kind of opposition, and are leaving the fight to the small band of English and Welsh Radicals. In a word, the Irishmen consider themselves perfectly free to take as much from this Government as they can get, without special regard to the interests of their English allies. This is an intelligible policy, and it is also an old Irish policy. It is impossible to say that Englishmen and Irishmen can survey the Parliamentary field with precisely the same eyes; nevertheless, the feeling is growing among Liberals that the Home Rule Alliance means a good deal on one side and nothing on the other, that it is all give and no take. Politics are not governed on the most high-minded plan, and, with the subsidence of much of the enthusiasm of Home Rule there has come the irritation which the losses of 1886 and 1895 have caused.

THE BEST SPEECHES.

The best speech on the Second Reading of the Education Bill, after Mr. Asquith's, was, in my opinion, Mr. Birrell's, though Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Salisbury's young son, followed him, on rather different lines, very closely. Mr. Birrell showed a more serious and sustained power of rhetoric, a finer and more elevated spirit, than in any of his previous efforts. His speech was, I think, as powerful an example of Parliamentary oratory as I have heard for many a long day; it was a very fine blending of wit and argument, of playful irony and of sincere and striking appeal. It was most admirably delivered, with the utmost force and freedom of manner and diction, and it certainly had its effect on the Government benches. Of a different order, but very successful in its way, was Lord Hugh Cecil's speech on the other side; of course, the speech of a fanatic, but of a very high-minded and able one. Lord Hugh has clearly a certain modesty of mind, which goes with real power of expression, and a certain fervour of conviction that reminds one a little of the younger Gladstone. He will go much further than his brother, Lord Cranborne, for he has less acidity of mind, and more human feeling.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Perhaps the best idea of the hopeless weakness of the Opposition on the Education Bill may be gathered from the fact that only one Radical made a humorous speech in the Second Reading debate. This was a very poor use to make of a subject which surely should have abounded in chances for bringing in the Squire and the Parson. Of course, nobody in Parliament is now allowed to make fun of the Sacred Working-man, but the Squire and the Parson are supposed to be fair game. Yet Mr. Birrell was the only member of the Opposition to raise a real laugh during the debate. For that relief, at any rate, much thanks. If there is no force remaining in Liberalism, leave the "Li" out, and we still have Birrellism left. Mr. Augustin Birrell's witticisms have ceased to be *obiter dicta*, and he has blossomed forth this Session into the humorist of the Liberal Party, *facile princeps*.

THE NEW HUMOUR AND THE NEW SERIOUSNESS.

There are not too many really humorous speakers now in the House. Sir William Harcourt is getting too ponderous for anything; Mr. Labouchere is waggish in his own way, but it is a malicious sort of waggishness; Mr. Balfour is too amiable to be really funny, though his speeches always sparkle with a pleasant humour. The Irishmen are all in far too deadly earnest to be a real source of merriment. But Mr. Birrell, with his literary training, and a certain superiority to any keen political interest, has brought to the House a fresh vein of genuine amusement, which has been one of the few new sensations during this Session. On the Conservative side there has been no need for humorous speeches. A majority of 267 is fun enough in itself. But among the serious contributions I must mention the fine speech of Lord Hugh Cecil, who, in a maiden speech, showed how real eloquence springs from honest earnestness. While Sir William Harcourt talks, like another Mr. Pecksniff, of the moral deterioration of the Conservative Party over South Africa, it is more refreshing to find a young Conservative like Lord Hugh Cecil appealing to the moral effect of true religious education. If Sir William really believed that "righteousness exalteth a nation," why did he oppose the very Bill which proposes to save the teaching of righteousness in the elementary schools of England?

OBSTRUCTION AND REORGANISATION.

Beaten by such immense Second Reading majorities as 177 on the Rating Bill and 267 on the Education Bill, the Opposition appear to be taking refuge in the hope of obstruction in Committee. The amendments already handed in to the Clerk on the Education Bill are to be counted in hundreds, and the Speaker had to rule eight proposed "instructions" on the Rating Bill out of order, while the ninth, which, though quite irrelevant, was allowed, was debated by the Irish members for a whole afternoon. The Government will have to take this attempt at blocking business in the only way, and apply the Closure ruthlessly. It seems probable that the Irish members will try to make up to their Liberal allies for voting with the Government on the Education Bill by giving their invaluable support to obstruction in Committee. But this is not certain. These Liberal "allies" are so heartily sick of the Irish Question that they are talking of making the split on Education an excuse for openly abandoning Home Rule; and the Irish Party will then be free altogether of the alliance, from which, in point of fact, they have not got anything more substantial than the rejection of a Home Rule Bill which was never "meant" in any proper sense of the word. As a humble observer of politics, I believe that the "reorganisation" of Liberalism is really only possible on condition of giving up Home Rule, and there are many English and Scotch Liberals, not avowedly Unionists, who think so too. But Mr. John Morley would have to be reckoned with if such a readjustment of the programme were resolved upon, not to mention Mr. Gladstone, who, being retired, yet speaketh.

MR. CHAPLIN AS A LEADER.

The Rating Bill made but slow progress last week. Mr. Chaplin did his best by moving the Closure time after time; but, unfortunately, the Chairman of Committees declined, time after time, to allow it. This was hard on the popular President of the Local Government Board, because, in point of fact, he is better at moving the Closure than at answering the various conundrums dealing with rating intricacies put him by more mathematically minded Radicals. Mr. Chaplin's position in the Cabinet is rather a curious one. He is what one may call a typical country Conservative—a "squire" to the backbone; in appearance he is the cheery landlord, who knows the points of a horse or a fat ox, and is an authority on all matters of agriculture. But there is also a sort of "Chaplin myth," which ascribes to this sturdy Englishman a capacity for subtle thinking on bimetalism and other such abstruse subjects. How Mr. Chaplin acquired this reputation it would be hard to say, but, as a matter of fact, it has been declining of late. He is as popular as ever with the House of Commons, but the House is not listening to him as it listens, say, to Mr. Goschen. Partly this is because he is a little out of his element. Mr. Chaplin invented the Ministry for Agriculture, and he was made a Cabinet Minister because it was so obviously his department. Because he was a bimetalist he was kept out of the same office in the present Ministry, and in the adjustment with Liberal-Unionism the Local Government Board fell to his lot, with Mr. T. W. Russell (who knows even less) as his Under-Secretary. Mr. Chaplin's *forte* is racing, not rating, and it was not to be expected that he would shine in a complicated argument.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

I hear that an extra light Humber safety is being built for the Duke of York. I hear that Princess Victoria of Wales rides a Beeston Humber regularly. I hear that Lord Portarlington is about to adopt the Sociable bicycle. I hear that Lord Gainsborough is now an expert bicycle-rider. I hear that Lady Mary Murphy, of "The Grange," in County Meath, is one of the many Irish ladies who have taken to the bicycle because of its handiness. I hear that the Hon. Ethel Fraser, sister to Lord Lovat, is an expert and graceful cyclist. I hear that, in Dublin, shares in cycle companies and in tyre companies are at a premium. I hear that, when Mr. Jefferson arrived in St. Petersburg from England, after riding across Europe in forty days, including ten days' rest, he did not look in the least exhausted. I hear that he seemed well and in excellent spirits. I hear that in Chicago cycling greatly reduces the Sunday congregations in churches. I hear that the Rabbi of the chief synagogue in that city suggests that churches be provided with stabling for the wheels of the faithful. I hear that the faithful like the idea. I hear that the original steam-tricycle, now on view at the Crystal Palace Cycle Show, may appear in the streets only when preceded by a man with a red flag, accompanied by two other men. I hear that steam-tricycles are not largely in demand.

Mr. A. E. Hope, of Chesterfield Gardens, whose portrait is given, has been for some years one of the most conspicuous figures in London society. Not twelve months ago he and everyone who knew him would have laughed at the suggestion that he would be seen—as he may be on almost any fine day—threading his way among the crowded traffic of Oxford Street or Piccadilly on the bicycle. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* In Mr. Hope's case an old accident producing a stiff right leg compels him to pedal on one side only, and, after vainly trying all over London to obtain a machine which would suit him, he eventually determined that the Elswick Company should build a special bicycle for him from a design by Mr. Butler Humphreys, of the London Stereoscopic Company. The right pedal-crank is loose, and the pedal on that side acts as a stirrup, or leg-rest, but it is so constructed that, by the insertion of a single steel pin, the pedal becomes fixed, and works as in an ordinary machine. Most people would imagine that pedalling with one leg only was a considerable drawback to the pleasures of cycling, but Mr. Hope does not by any means admit the soft impeachment, so charmed is he with the green-and-gold mount with which the famous Newcastle firm have supplied him.

Here is a record! Since the year 1879, Mr. A. McCormack, of Portarlington, Queen's County, has ridden over a hundred and seventy thousand miles on bicycles, a distance almost equal to seven times the circumference of the globe. During last year alone he rode ten thousand miles. He has many times traversed the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Wicklow, King's County and Queen's County, and the counties of Roscommon, Westmeath, Waterford, Longford, Galway, Tipperary, Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow. The roads are best in King's County, he says. The worst roads are to be found in Wexford, and he prefers the roads of Queen's County to those of Kildare.

If it be true that "in certain villages in the neighbourhood of London the hobbledehos have entered into a compact to levy 'tyre-money' from bicyclists who descend at the local hosteleries on holidays, Saturdays, and Sundays," the sooner a stop is put to their silly nonsense the better. It seems that, unless these youths are paid to watch the machines while the owners are refreshing themselves within the "local hosteleries," they surreptitiously cut the tyres. "Therefore," the writer continues, "bicyclists are forced into the position of paying youths to mind their roadsters, in order to save the tyres, or of seeing others to watch that the first does not commit any damage." Assuredly he must be a weak-minded creature who would thus placidly allow an upstart hobbledehoy to ruin his tyres and spoil his amusement without catching him and thoroughly punching his head—by far the more satisfactory plan—or without promptly informing the police.

Last week I mentioned how few bicycles were to be seen in Germany. Perhaps I ought to have said in certain parts of Germany, as, of course, Nuremberg is in Bavaria, and here, as I said, one seldom sees a lady rider; the Rhine Valley is, perhaps, an exception.

One lovely Sunday afternoon we crossed the river from Honnet to Rolandsech, where we sauntered into one of the numerous restaurants for afternoon coffee. Being close on the road, which is a particularly good one for cyclists, numbers stayed here *en route* to rest and drink coffee, like ourselves. There were ladies wearing every variety of dress: short knickerbockers to the knee, long, full knickerbockers to the ankle; but, presently, to my astonishment, a neat, rather trim, figure, in a blue serge skirt and coat, stepped briskly out of the restaurant into the road, but, before mounting her machine, she unhooked her skirt, and I shuddered, feeling I should see some new and strange costume beneath, but, as the skirt slid to the ground, she displayed a neat pair of knickerbockers. Stooping down, and picking up her skirt, she rolled it up and strapped it on to the bicycle, and, mounting, was soon lost to view. I could not help thinking that, if she had pluck enough to ride in the "rational costume," she might as well have donned it altogether, instead of troubling herself with a skirt, which was certainly more becoming, and "stripping" it off in the middle of the road.

Sir William Marriott has a great respect for the progress of invention. He thinks that each year will see a better bicycle than that of the year before. At the end of every season, therefore, he sells his bicycle to the man who made it, and buys the new one. Thus is the Tory Member for Brighton always in the vogue, at a cost of ten pounds a-year.



MR. A. E. HOPE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

One wonders where extravagance will end: it has now spread to the lavish adornment of cycles, of which we have an example in the machine that Lady Pearson has just had built for herself by Messrs. Tiffany and Co., New York. It is a dream in silver and ivory, the handles set with costly jewels, the whole machine covered with filigree-work—the description sounds like that of some sumptuous chariot in the "Arabian Nights," or the fairy-godmother's coach in "Cinderella." Lady Pearson has a small silver watch attached to the handle-bar of the bicycle, which appears to be a sensible novelty.

The Yorkshire Ladies' Cycling Association appears to be gaining rapidly in popularity, and the membership has had a large increase the last few weeks. They have adopted a distinctive hat-ribbon of dark blue, with gold vandyke. Each member is expected to wear this ribbon on club runs; the colour, shape, and texture of the hat itself are left to the individual taste.

The ladies of the above association have decided, weather permitting, to have their Whitsuntide run, to Bridlington Quay, on Saturday next, when a large turn-out is expected to be seen. The distance from York to Bridlington is about forty miles.

The cycling "craze" is doing good work in the way of employment for women, for which speakers on public platforms are always pathetically entreating. First, the professional lady cyclist made her appearance, and seems likely to become a permanent institution; now we are threatened with cycling chaperons. For some time it seemed as if cycling was likely entirely to overthrow the practice of chaperoning, but its triumphant advance will be speedily cut short, for a Chaperon Cyclist Association has appeared on the field. This body, which professes to be under distinguished patronage—is Mrs. Lynn Linton's name included in the list?—provides "gentlewomen of good social position to conduct ladies on bicycle excursions and tours." The terms for a party of four or less are to be 3s. 6d. an hour or 10s. 6d. per day, so that a "cycling chaperon" is somewhat less expensive to hire than a cycle itself; but then refreshments, if required, must be provided for her consumption. We should have thought a party of four might have contrived without difficulty to look after itself; but if an escort is indispensable, a lady's-maid or a groom would probably be of more practical use than a "gentlewoman of good social position." The most mysterious part of the prospectus issued by the Association is the statement that "The Association is not responsible for accidents, though every precaution will be taken." What does this signify? Does it mean that, if the cyclist-chaperon falls off her bicycle and breaks her leg, or comes to grief in any other way, the party chaperoned will have to defray the cost entailed by the accident, and, perhaps, will even have to pay compensation under the Employers' Liability Act?

In the entrance-hall of a well-known politico-social club, not more than a thousand miles from the House of Commons, is posted up the sternly worded notice, "Bicycles may not be brought within this Club."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

There is one thing quite certain—the particular “Matchmaker” who is at present resident at the Shaftesbury may, and does, make the most ghastly blunders in effecting the matrimonial arrangements of her friends, but her taste in dress is absolutely faultless; that is, of course, due to the fact that she is Miss Gertrude Kingston, and that, moreover, she is gowned by Jay.

There comes first, both in order and merit, the dress in which, as Mrs. Lane, she has been receiving the guests of her latest “arranged”



[Copyright.]

marriage—a wonderful affair it is, of vivid red *crêpe de Chine*, with *écru* Irish lace covering the bodice, but only softening, not concealing, the rich colouring beneath, while there is a full tulle vest, its pure whiteness breaking out from side-pieces of elaborately beautiful embroidery, where shimmering paillettes, in various sizes and many tones of violet, are worked on a background of the never-failing grass-lawn. Then, above the little lace-covered basques comes a waistband of brilliant violet silk, tied in a jaunty bow at the left side—a violet as vividly beautiful as the red, and completing a combination of colour sufficiently daring and effective to stamp the gown at once as a *Maison Jay* confection.

Moreover, there are deep, pointed cuffs, of the lace-covered *crêpe de Chine*, which lose themselves eventually in a high shoulder-puff; and, crowning all, a toque, all pink roses, with a nodding spray of buds and full-blown flowers rising high at the left side, and at the back two rosettes of violet tulle. Mrs. Lane also carries a shower bouquet of mauve and white lilac, and though this is, indeed, a dress of many colours, there is no battle-royal between the rival shades; no, nor even the faintest approach to a skirmish.

In due course the bride, in the sweet person of Miss Lena Ashwell, comes down the wide staircase, making a pretty picture in her going-away dress of biscuit-coloured alpaca, shot with gleams of pink, and having a coat-bodice of pink glacé silk, patterned with a *chiné* design of roses and leaves. It is turned back with wide revers of white satin from a cravat of mellow-tinted lace, the ends caught into a ceinture of the satin, and there is lace again at the wrists, while the bride's white straw hat is trimmed with foamy tulle and a white osprey, some pink roses peeping out at the back.

In the second act Miss Kingston is responsible for another wonderful colour-chord, where the various notes are respectively struck by yellow, tomato-red in three tones, and pink shading from the brightest shade of the geranium to the most tender suggestion of colour imaginable!

The skirt is of yellow glacé, accordion-pleated, and sprinkled with

many glittering gold sequins, while the bodice is of yellow chiffon, veiled with white net, which again is spangled with sequins, while its soft fulness is held in by swathed bands of ribbon in those wonderful shades of tomato and pink, the deepest colour being at the waist, while the pale pink comes at the top, and each band is finished at the left side with a *chou* bow. There is a touch of lace at the *décolletage*, and it is introduced again into the long, shirred sleeves of spangled net; and then the last note is struck softly by some great pink roses, which cluster on the right shoulder, while their leaves go trailing half-way across the corsage.

Miss Ashwell subsequently appears upon the scene in a long travelling-cloak of brown moiré velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, which in due course is thrown aside to reveal a charming gown of brown alpaca, with a quaint sailor-collar and jabot of accordion-pleated rose-pink silk, bordered with an appliqué of lace and a frayed-out *ruche*.

Some narrow black velvet ribbon is introduced as an edging to the basque, and, again, ties in the waist, and on the skirt there are tabs of pink silk edged narrowly with black.

She has an evening-dress, too, of pale-blue silk, with geranium-pink velvet at the waist and long sash-ends of frilled chiffon, the tiny bows of tulle which do duty as sleeves being upheld by shoulder-straps of jewelled *passementerie*, and the soft chiffon bodice being festooned with crystals and pearls, studded with many-coloured stones. This is subsequently exchanged for a wrapper of tender-grey cashmere, bordered with ruffings of chiffon, Miss Kingston's *deshabillé* taking the delightful form of pale-pink silk, embroidered with many-coloured flowers and lined with apple-green silk, the full front being of yellow chiffon striped narrowly with green, and some lovely old lace being added at neck and wrists.

FLORENCE.

FASHIONS IN MAY.

This sudden excursion which we have made into the tropics during the past week has had a most disconcerting effect on wardrobes generally. In a temperature of I don't know how many in the shade, it became



[Copyright.]

necessary at a day's notice to discard tweed for transparency, with the result that not one in twenty was already armed *cap-à-pie* in cotton and cambric. So a dreadful descent on the dressmakers and a *sauve-qui-peut* to the shop-windows became evident and inevitable. For of all things it is most difficult to be in readiness for the freaks of an English May. With a cutting nor'-easter vivisection one's anatomy, and poking fun at one's complexion, as has been consistently the case for more weeks than can be counted, there is naturally some unpreparedness for the ardent blandishments of such sunshine as the week has favoured us with.

At Southsea, where I am at the moment enjoying Channel breezes and the agreeable society of the United Services, there have been such severe solar symptoms that a shop-window blind was burnt in Palmerston Road on Sunday by the concentrated heat-rays on the glass. A feeble joke was subsequently heard in the Recreation Ground—where society assembles, among other things, for tennis—that heat-rays, as transmitted through the masculine single eye-glass on adjacent fair complexions, had no less scorching effects on the nervous system generally. But, really, what can you expect from people who have nothing to do but frivol? And with pretty girls on one hand, and ships and forts and barracks on another, a fusion of congenial elements must naturally ensue. “Though of actual matches, my dear,” as a veteran dowager confided the other day, “there are very few, I assure you, considering the opportunities,” which is perhaps why bicycling has been added to other masterly activities for “throwing the young people together.” For, if Dublin is, as has been classically declared, the “car-drivingest” city in the world, Southsea may be written large the “wheelingest” watering-place, as The Front testifies on any morning or afternoon, showing not single spies, but whole battalions of neatly gowned girls and attendant srouce cavaliers in the inexpensive



[Copyright.]

but effective propinquity of the wheel. Harking back to new frocks, which are of the first moment just now, muslins will again, this season, be in universal evidence, but with this chief difference from last year's mode, that, instead of being attached to their silken linings, as before, the manner of our latest mode demands that cambric, muslin, and all such light materials, take the form of a separate over-dress. A Doucet gown which I made acquaintance with on a smart soldier's wife, at a tea-party here, was put together in this way, being a very thin ivory-lawn over a transparency of rose-pink taffetas, the skirt trimmed from top to bottom with light flounces of lawn cut on the cross, and diminishing in width upwards. These flounces, edged with narrow black Valenciennes lace, were very fully gathered; the bodice is also gathered and ribbed, along each rib the narrow black lace being run. The sleeves were very tight, and at their upper part ornamented with a *bouillonné* of pink silk; from elbow to wrist they were gathered crosswise at the seam, while the waistband, of pink taffetas again, was draped prettily, and fastened with a smart bow. It was a lovely frock.

To be worn with it as a light wrap was a cape coming from the same fount of fashion, which was composed of pale-green taffetas, trimmed all round with a gathered flounce. In front this resembled a Marie Antoinette fichu, leaving the arms free, and being attached with a black satin bow, the silk of which the cape was made being entirely covered with a new kind of satin-striped tulle, two accordion-pleated flounces of this material falling over a flounce of the taffetas as neck-trimming, which was still further decorated with a full ruche and finished off at back with a black satin bow of liberal proportions. Necks, to be modish, must be so liberally trimmed—or rather, over-trimmed—at present.

One dress which made havoc of my affections before leaving town last week was a heliotrope and white striped silk, which, while shopping with a best friend, came under my appreciative notice at Peter Robinson's. Be-diamonded revers of ivory guipure enclosed fluffy frillings and lapels of mousseline de soie, and daintily ruched sleeves completed my subjugation. Again, there was a gorgeous creation of Worth's which my eloquence would so inadequately describe that I have also had it sketched. Panels of apple-green satin were let at intervals into a black satin skirt of very ample proportions, which opened in front over a petticoat of thick white satin. On this apron a garniture of pink roses and foliage was painted on silk, and so cleverly appliqué as to give it, at a very short distance, the effect of fine embroidery. The bodice, of black satin, with a front of white satin, on which the roses were also applied, had besides, as further decoration, revers and corsage trimming of jet and diamond passementerie overlaid on guipure. The sleeves were a combination of white satin, with the roses as aforesaid, and black satin bands, with frillings of lisse, so cleverly carried out as only Worth or a worthy *confrère* could or dare achieve. A dress fit for a dowager among dowagers this, and one in which its wearer might satisfactorily contemplate all possible rivals.

A charming gown of pale-green silk, under an over-dress of ivory muslin, with diagonal lines of cream Valenciennes insertion, looked as temptingly cool as, under other circumstances, does a lobster-salad with its accompanying brand; and a really smart grass-lawn, “elegantly set out,” as a favourite American puts it, with guipure, made a more than creditable figure at four and a-half guineas. Of white piqué gowns, for boating or smart morning wear, Peter Robinson has a great gathering, in every stage of jauntiness—that particular air which only a well-made white piqué ever owns. And there was one with a white silk shirt and exquisitely cut little jacket, which I recommend as ideal for a well-complexioned yachswoman.

From yachting-frocks one passes, by the laws of all natural affinity, to smart parasols, such as one sees even now, in the swing of London season, on the decks of trim sailing-craft that sail in and out the smooth basin of Southampton Water. Pink, blue, flamingo red, and all the rest of the gaily topped tribe, are to be had any and everywhere; but, for cunning and quaint device of handle, to which we now pay more attention than formerly, I know of no one who so deftly applies quaint conceits to the parasol-handle as Ben Cox, of 411, Oxford Street. Cairo donkeys, parrots, owls, fish, fowl, and feather of every variety, in different woods, exquisitely carved and coloured, are his speciality; and flowers such as roses, in all shades, worked in coloured ivory, or fruits like the lemon, orange, greengage, when used with the Cox chameleon silks, are quite the acme of daintiness in head-coverings.

The two last Drawing-Rooms were, to my thinking, better dressed than those preceding them. I never can understand why people voluntarily expose themselves to the chills and ills of cold March winds when May offers such balmy compensations to bared shoulders. Of course, in the matter of débutantes, who want to start early on the season's war-path, it is a different matter, and the early bird, in this instance perhaps, picks up the unconscious worm of masculine gender the more easily. Meanwhile, among quite recent trains that deserve especial praise was that of Lady Ross of Balnagowan, whose white velours moiré shot with silver, with its ruchings of rose-petalled tulle, pink satin skirt, and diamond-embroidered bodice, was quite a dream of loveliness.

Lady Clifford of Chudleigh went to Kate Reily for her gown, and a very beautiful combination the white satin skirt under old lace made, with its train of green-lined brocade and masses of mauve orchids. The Hon. Mrs. O'Brien was in white, being presented on her marriage, but, among many others robed in this virginal colour, her gown, with its accessories of pearls, old Duchesse lace, and white orchids, seemed conspicuously charming. Kate Reily was responsible for Lady Esther Smith's very voyant but gorgeous dress, with train of orange velvet indescribably rich in shade and texture. The skirt and bodice, of plain white satin, met under a folded waist-belt of orange velvet fastened with three diamond buttons. Another yellow train was that of Mrs. Charles Halford, but her skirt and bodice were of blue satin, which made an effective combination with Oriental embroideries.

I notice that fashionable women are returning to the semi-savagery of wearing jewels in their ears, a custom which was supposed to have gone out with the crinoline. As the last-named abomination has revisited glimpses of the moon in the improved disguise of our becoming wide skirt, so the other will be probably revived in a less eccentric manner than that set forth in pictures of fifty years ago. Adorning ourselves with such gauds as gold and jewels is one of the oldest vanities on earth, and will probably never quite die the death even under the unornamental influence of the newer woman. Some new bangles have tiny watches dangling, among other charms, from the wrist, but how these hapless time-keepers are to correctly record the flight of time does not appear. Appropriately with the bejewelled trimmings, which appear so lavishly on our evening-frocks this year, a similar style of ornament now shows on the newest shoes, and very pretty white kid or satin looks with twinkling rays of brilliant paste setting forth the graces of ankle and instep. A pair of pink satin shoes to go well with a dress of the same shade had a design in emeralds and paste worked in front, and carried round the edge of shoe, to match a similar embroidery on the frock, and a pair of pale-green satin souliers were similarly disposed, with cut-jet and brilliants considerably heightening the effect of their wearer's frock.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

END B.—Mappin and Webb would carry out the initials from your design. Gold looks better with tortoiseshell than silver, decidedly. SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

THE ARGENTINE OUTLOOK.

There has recently been a fairly active market, as things go, for Argentine stocks. We are disposed to think that the improvement is justified by the facts of the situation. It is not that any specific development has taken place beyond the prospect of the unification scheme going through. But trade is improving in every direction, as the natural result of political quietude, and the only blot on the landscape at the moment is the failure of the wheat crop over a considerable area. It is this failure which accounts for the comparatively poor results of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario and the Entre Rios Railways; and but for it we imagine the Central Argentine would have done better.

Of the potentialities of Argentina there is no question. The doubt is as to whether they will be allowed a fair chance. But, for the present, political and racial animosities appear to have been reduced to a minimum, and even the perennial conflict between the Provinces and the Central Government is not so keen as usual. The unification scheme is not dead. It is going to be carried out in one form or another, and the opportunity of doing so is much more favourable now than when the Romero scheme was defeated by Pellegrini. The scare as to the results of the squabble with Chili does not now seem to be worth considering, and the railway traffic returns afford ample evidence of the development of trade. We look forward to even higher prices generally over the whole Argentine market, and Cédulas (Series F) appear especially cheap at present.

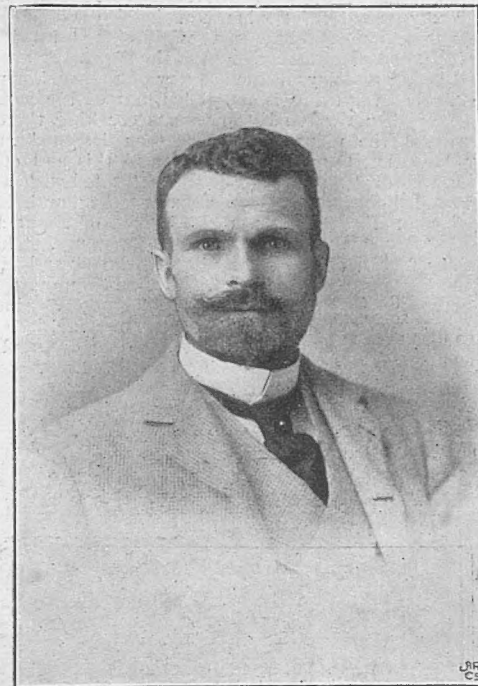
INDUSTRIALS TO THE FRONT.

The boom in securities like Consols and first-class Railway Debenture stocks has reached its climax, and, as regards such, the question to be considered is whether the small returns they now give represent a readjustment of the normal rate of yield on the best security, or an artificial state of affairs created by a revulsion of feeling from the wild optimism of 1889. We are disposed to think that the staid and sober investors who have put their money into those superfine securities will find that if they had waited they might have got them cheaper. But, whether that idea is right or not, there is no doubt about the fact that the money available for investment is now being concentrated on Home undertakings. Foremost among the descriptions most in fashion at the moment are, of course, cycle shares. The Dunlop Company is the most conspicuous instance just now, and it is a very apt illustration of what is recognised in the trade—that unity is strength. A company relying on a single patent which beats everything else in existence may have a brilliant career as an industrial meteor, but, sooner or later, it will fizzle out when an improvement is invented. In a quite different position is a company which holds a number of patents of the best kind, has thus a varied connection, and the capital and credit to enable it to buy

anything that comes on the market. It is to such companies that new inventions are first offered. "To him that hath shall be given."

Cycling is not the only industrial department that is coming to the front. Breweries are always favourites as the hot weather approaches, and they have come particularly into notice this year, when we have had August weather in May.

We have no particular admiration for the kind of company which is formed by buying up a lot of small businesses here, there, and everywhere, making one of them the headquarters, and giving to the agglomeration a generic title. But it seems to be fashionable now, if we may judge from the particulars of some recent prospectuses. It is not, however, to such as these that we refer when we say that Industrials are coming to the front. The joint-stock idea is always growing in public favour, in spite of all the defects in the Acts regulating joint-stock companies; and, apart from mines, the tendency now is to take shares in British industrial undertakings with a record, but not in any miscellaneous selection of businesses that may be picked up by a promoter. It is understood that Messrs. Huntley and Palmer are to be turned into a joint-stock company, with a capital of £6,000,000. The rush for shares will be enormous.



DR. MAGIN.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

WITWATERSRAND GOLD OUTPUT.

There is a great deal of interesting information in the Report of the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines for 1895, and not the least interesting particulars given are those about the gold output. With a somewhat absurd attempt at precision, the Report announces that "since work commenced on the Witwatersrand, the total production has amounted to 8,858,039 oz. 8 dwt. In arriving at this total, an allowance of 42,000 oz. has been made, this being the estimate for unrecorded production during the years 1887, 1888, and 1889." When a statistician has to make a guess of 42,000 for unrecorded production extending over three years, he might surely have spared us the 8 dwt., and hazarded an estimate that an error to that extent had been made in some of the other figures. Spread over nine years, it would not have seriously affected the reputation of the Rand as a gold-producing district.

Without entering into such minute details, we reproduce below the figures of the yearly output, and the resulting total: 1887, 23,125 oz.; 1888, 208,122 oz.; 1889, 369,557 oz.; 1890, 494,817 oz.; 1891, 729,268 oz.; 1892, 1,210,869 oz.; 1893, 1,478,477 oz.; 1894, 2,024,164 oz.; 1895, 2,277,640; estimated unrecorded production 1887, 1888, and 1889, 42,000 oz.; total, 8,858,039 oz. This is certainly a marvellous record of progress, and it will be a question of very keen interest to note what effect recent events will have on the output for the current year.

It is stated in the Report that the increase for the year 1895 would have been larger but for the short supply of native labour. That is one of the Uitlanders' grievances, and it certainly seems to derive considerable weight from the correspondence published in the report. It took two years for the Transvaal Government to make up its mind to sanction a set of regulations submitted to it with the object of putting a stop to an abuse winked at by the Government—that the companies, if they paid the expenses of native labourers in return for an engagement to stay with them for a given period, had no legal redress if that contract were broken.

Our Johannesburg correspondent's account of Van Ryn and Buffelsdoorn has reached us, and we are able to give our readers his views on both mines.

VAN RYN.

The resuscitation of the Van Ryn has been one of the big surprises of the Rand mining industry. To Dr. Magin, one of the leading German financiers and mining experts on the goldfields, is due the credit of proving that the Van Ryn is a highly payable proposition. The story goes that Dr. Magin strongly recommended the property to a London financial house with whom he acts; but the London firm at first questioned his judgment, having perused the report of another eminent expert, who had previously expressed an adverse opinion on the value of the property. However, Dr. Magin had his way; the Van Ryn Company was reconstructed last year, and how successful the operation has turned out operators in the Kaffir Market are well aware. The property is located at the east end of the Witwatersrand, and adjoins the well-known and successful mines Modderfontein, Chimes, and New Kleinfontein. After the flotation of two subsidiary companies, the Van Ryn West Mining Company and the Van Ryn North Exploration and Mining Company, the parent company is left with a huge mining area of 466 claims, besides seventy *bewaarplaatsen*. Recent development has proved that the reefs traversing the property are a continuation of the Main

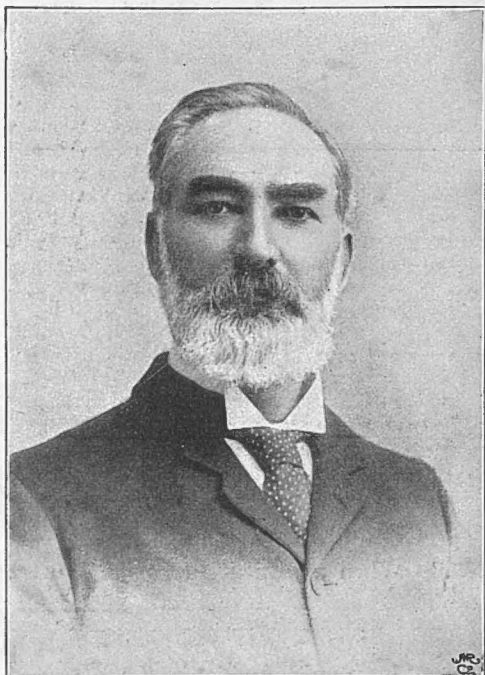


HEAD GEAR OF THE VAN RYN MINE.

Reef series, and this fact, now fairly established, has added greatly to the value of the Van Ryn. There are the usual three payable reefs on the property, the Main Reef, Main Reef Leader, and South Reef. Hitherto only the Main and South Reefs have been mined, the former assaying 12 dwt. per ton over a thickness of 2½ ft. The South Reef really consists of two leaders, each about four inches wide, and assays 15 dwt. for a 2½ ft. stope. The Main Reef leader is thin, only some three inches in width, but it is very rich, averaging 6 oz., and will yield handsome returns, once proper sorting appliances have been erected to separate the ore from the barren rock. Up till now the company has been working with an old-fashioned fifty-stamp battery, and, labouring under numerous serious drawbacks, it has been able to earn some £3000 a-month. When the control of the company passed into the hands of the New African Company last year, a new up-to-date equipment for the mine was designed, this including eighty heavy stamps of 1050 lb. each. The erection of the new plant was commenced in October last, and, owing to delays in the delivery of the machinery, it will be some little time yet before everything is completed, but of the economies which will at once be effected whenever the battery starts crushing there can be no doubt whatever. Moreover, the plant, which has been designed in the most modern style by Mr. L. Bauer, Consulting Engineer to this and other mines controlled by the New African Company, has been constructed with a view to future enlargement. A new incline shaft has been sunk, and the new battery and cyanide works have been erected close to the shaft, instead of about a mile away, after the old-fashioned way adopted at this and other mines. The tailings will be treated by the new electrical process of Messrs. Siemens and Halske, now adopted at many of the best mines on the Rand. It requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the company's monthly profits will be appreciably increased once the new battery begins to run. As regards the life of the mine, it is computed that the property contains eight and a-half million tons of ore, and this enormous total would employ eighty heavy stamps for seventy years.

BUFFELSDOORN.

The property of the Buffelsdoorn Company is in the Klerksdorp district, and is of enormous extent, even after the recent flotation of the Buffelsdoorn A Company, which will probably be only the first of several subsidiary concerns. The Buffelsdoorn is admittedly a low-grade mine, the battery average for the



HON. JOHN TUDHOPE.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

last year having been only 3·81 dwt. per ton, which was augmented by 5·05 dwt. from the tailings. It is, however, contended by the Chairman of the company, Mr. H. A. Rogers, whose photograph has lately been reproduced in *The Sketch*, that the mine is really a 10 dwt. proposition, that rate having been the average for some years previous to last. A new equipment on the most improved lines is in course of being constructed, and it has been deemed advisable to suspend crushing till the new plant has been completed. Probably about July or August next the enlarged battery of 170 stamps will begin to run, and the company will then be in a position to treat 1000 tons of ore per day at a low rate of cost. It has been demonstrated over and over again that the doubling or trebling of a battery in many cases makes all the difference between a loss and a handsome profit in the treatment of low-grade ores, and there is no reason to doubt that, although last year's operations at the Buffelsdoorn resulted in a loss of £37,000, the treatment of similar ore with a battery enlarged to 170 heads, and with all the plant at the mine brought up to date, would yield a good round profit. With 10 dwt. ore the profit should be considerable. The company now owns a colliery of its own, and on coal alone a considerable saving will be effected. The Hon. John Tudhope, one of the Directors of the Buffelsdoorn, is, at the moment of writing, in Europe on a holiday in search of health. Mr. Tudhope takes an active part in the public life of Johannesburg, having been chairman of the Transvaal National Union till Mr. Charles Leonard took the post a year ago. Mr. Tudhope has been in his day a member of the Cape Government.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S POSITION.

Every day goes to prove the truth of our words, that, if you take away Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the long purse of the De Beers Company, represented by Mr. Beit, there will be nothing left. As far as Mr. Rhodes is concerned, for the sake of the shareholders, we sincerely hope his resignation may be avoided; these empire-builders, whether they be Warren Hastings, Bismarck, or Cecil Rhodes, must not be judged by ordinary standards. We sincerely hope a strict investigation will take place as to who sold Chartered shares during the months of October, November, and December last, and that, if it is found that anyone connected with the directorate was unloading at that time, and especially anyone whose knowledge of what was going on is made evident, punishment will be meted out to the offender, for we can conceive no greater outrage on commercial morality than to be privy to the raid and to sell shares to innocent investors.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The Chester Lion Brewery Company, Limited, is issuing, through Parr's Banking Company, £75,000 of 4½ mortgage debenture stock at 103. The issue is made to replace existing mortgages by permanent debentures, and to provide increased working capital, and from the valuation it appears there are tangible assets of the value of £159,000 to secure the debentures of £75,000. In these days of 2½ per cent. in

first-class securities, this little issue should be snapped up without any doubt by that large and increasing body of investors who are always complaining that in safe securities they can get nothing for their money.

The Great Horseless Carriage Company, Limited. This concern, behind which will be found Mr. H. J. Lawson, of Moore and Burgess' Minstrels fame, is about to ask for public subscriptions, which, we hope, so far as our readers are concerned, will not be obtained. The capital is to be £750,000 (three-quarters of a million!), for an industry which, as yet, has not fairly started, and to legalise which the Act of Parliament has not yet been passed. Our experience of new industries is that they take time to establish, and the pioneers, if they are joint-stock companies, do not reap a rich harvest. If, ten years ago, Thomas Humber had started his bicycle-works with such a capital, the bulk of it would, for a very long time, have been unremunerative; and we see no reason to anticipate a different result in the horseless-carriage trade, for it is not (despite Mr. Lawson) going to take the world by storm, while vast improvements must be made before our time-honoured friend, the horse, will take his place with the Dodo and the Great Auk. Before then, this £750,000, and a good deal more, will have disappeared.

The Dunlop-Truffault Cycle and Tube Manufacturing Company, Limited, with a capital of £160,000, is offering 110,000 shares of £1 each to the British public, or such foolish members of it as are willing to subscribe. The prospectus contains a lot of truisms about the use of the cycle for purposes of relaxation, &c. The words "Dunlop" and "bicycle" are first-rate to conjure with at the moment, no doubt, and, if the directors had refrained from publishing a picture of the machine which they propose to sell, there might have been a chance for the concern, or if they had even called it "A Nightmare" instead of "A Dream," they would, at least, have had the merit of an appropriate name for their monstrosity; but, after looking at the illustration, one can only smile at an estimate of profits which begins with the assumption that three hundred of such things will be sold each week. Should any misguided reader have applied for shares, let him run to the telegraph office and withdraw while there is yet time.

Saturday, May 16, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. W. D. AND OMEGA.—We have sent you the information you require, posting our letters on the 15th inst.

RYE.—The broker who advised you may have special information, but we should be very sorry to invest in any one of the concerns you name. Our opinion is they are all cheap and nasty.

FUTURES.—(1) Nobody can give the dates you ask for, not even the proprietors of the businesses in question, for they do not know, as it is not settled. Jay will not be delayed very long. (2) Yes, we have a very good opinion of this class of shares, provided the concerns are not over-capitalised.

J. R.—We have a bad opinion of 1, 2, and 3, and a good opinion of 4.

FACTA.—(1) We believe it to be a swindle. (2) We think the shares are worth keeping, but it may be a case of having to hold more than two or three months. (3) Croydon Consols, Hannan's Oroya, and Burbank's Birthday Gift.

R. S.—We have written to you as to the Seddon Tyre Company.

T. S.—We would strongly urge you to have no dealings with the people you name, who are touts of the baser sort. Can we say more?

SCPTIC.—Your *nom de guerre* exactly expresses our opinion of the Irrigation Colony. We should strongly urge any young man to give the place a very wide berth.

NEMO.—(1) Yes, they are perfectly reliable, so far as paying up is concerned; but, as they run the stock against you, they will by hook or by crook manage to get hold of any "cover" you may be foolish enough to put up. (2) We think the stock a fair speculative purchase.

E. D.—(1) The concern you inquire about is another name for a solicitor of very bad repute, who is an undischarged bankrupt; but, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, many of their exposures are very true. When they abuse a company, you may probably rely on them; when they praise anything, it is best left alone. (2) A fair speculation. (3) The whole cover system is a mode of swindling "country cousins," and, if you will deal upon it, you may as well lose your cash to one firm as to another; besides which, we never mention names of brokers in this column. We can, in compliance with Rule 5, send you the names of several firms who will pay up if they lose.

R. R.—Comply with Rule 5, and we will furnish you with the name and address you want.

J. P.—We returned your cheques on the 12th inst.

E. K. D.—We have written you fully on your letter of the 9th inst.

W. G. M.—(1) We would not trade with the firm you name at any price, and believe, if you do, you will be swindled. (2) Yes. (3) Yes. The price has risen because all Argentine things are in favour, and because the bondholders and the Government have practically concluded an arrangement for dealing with the Provincial debt.

REX.—If you will comply with Rule 5 we will supply you with the name of a firm of brokers who deal in Panama bonds at market-price, watch the drawings for you, and are honest.

A. H. R.—We returned your papers on the 14th inst.

MELÉE.—(1) Yes. (2) We fully expect the shares to see higher prices. (3) Not for six months, when all the delays of transport and erection of machinery are allowed for. (4) Yes.

J. B.—We apologise for not answering your inquiry last week, but, by inadvertence, it was overlooked. The investment is one which we should not care for, but it is reasonably safe.

S. J. C.—(1) We see no reason to sell Brazilian stock, especially when it is so difficult to find investments. (2) Argentine things are all improving. If you do anything, sell Cédulas P and buy ditto F. (3) As to investments, see this week's "Notes."

BELL.—We know very little more than all the world about this company. The concern has never been a favourite of ours, and the people connected with it are a most dangerous lot.

NIKKO.—Assam Railway 8 per cent. preferred shares (not the pre-preference) or Burbank's Birthday Gift. Both excellent speculations, as distinguished from investments.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Whitsuntide Holidays, no letters received later than Thursday can be answered in our next issue, and we must crave the indulgence of our correspondents as to private answers between May 22 and 26.